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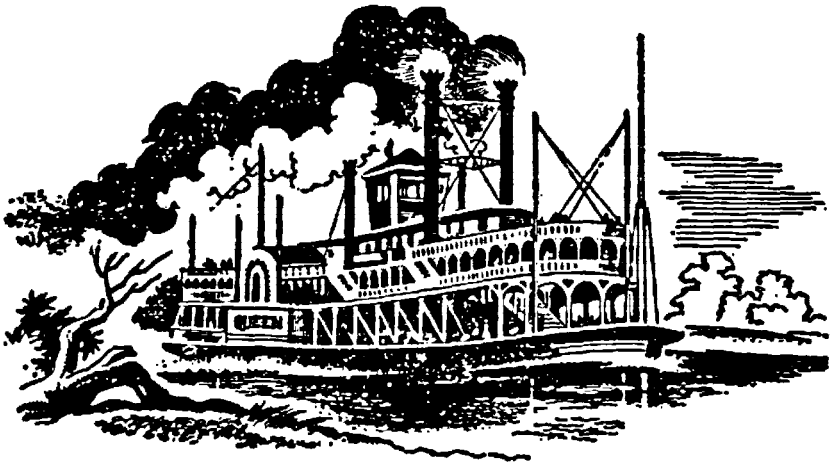


ANDREW LYTLE

The Fiction Of Andrew Lytle

THIS ISSUE OF *Mississippi Quarterly* contains the first detailed consideration of Andrew Lytle as artist thus far to appear in print. Of course, there have been regrettable omissions in focus and emphasis. Mr. Lytle's criticism requires far more than the brief and occasional attention here devoted to it. For the influ-

ence of his few formal pieces is altogether out of proportion to their number—in evidence wherever modern fiction is approached seriously. And his gifts as historian, biographer, and essayist in opinion are likewise considerable. However, the assumption followed by this editor in gathering a collection of essays has been that explication of the fiction deserved a priority. The defense of this procedure is thus simple: by reason of their complexity of design and (to the modern) shocking thematic burden, Lytle's novels and shorter fables have too infrequently provoked detailed examination. Admired in passing, yes; but read through, almost never. The contributors to this gathering have joined to honor a master of his craft. They do not pretend to exhaust the richness of their subject. Rather, their common enterprise is to call forth further and more detailed mining of the same vein—and to encourage a long overdue reprinting of the works they discuss.

M. E. Bradford
University of Dallas
Guest Editor

BACK ISSUES OF *THE MISSISSIPPI QUARTERLY*

University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106, has available for sale *The Mississippi Quarterly* in the microfilm Volumes XI-XV (1958-62) for the full price of $8.50. Subsequent volumes beginning with XVI (1963) are available at $3.00 per volume. Volume X is in process of being made available.

The Johnson Reprint Corporation, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003, is announcing a planned reprint of Volumes I-XIX complete of *The Mississippi Quarterly.* (Through Volume VIII the title was *The Social Science Bulletin.*)

A very limited quantity of back issues is available from the Business Manager of the *Quarterly.*

LETTERS WANTED

The Mississippi Quarterly is interested in publishing selected groups of letters of Southern writers (literary or historical), musicians, artists, statesmen, and so forth—figures of both major and minor magnitude, past and present. As for principles of selection—letters of writers, for example, should illustrate conditions and problems of composition and publishing, literary opinions, relations with publishers and editors, and the like. Letters will be indexed.

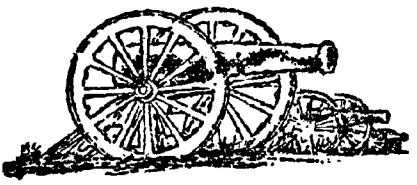
THE MISSISSIPPI QUARTERLY IN ABSTRACTS AND CHECKLISTS

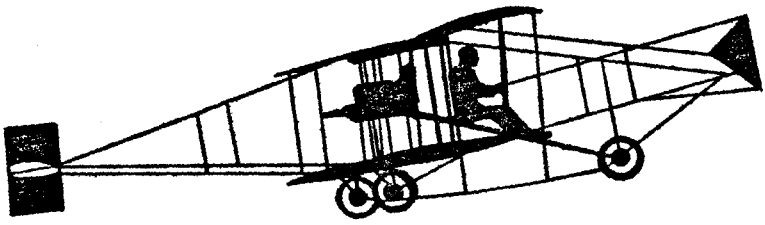
Abstracts of articles are published in *Abstracts of English Studies, America: History and Life, Historical Abstracts,* and *Sociological Abstracts.* Beginning with the current volume, articles on literature and language will be abstracted in the new *MLA Abstracts* compiled by the Modern Language Association of America.

Articles are included in bibliographical checklists in *American Literature, American Historical Review, PMLA,* and in the annual annotated checklist of the Society for the Study of Southern Literature (in each spring issue of *The Mississippi Quarterly*). The last is a periodic supplement to *A Bibliographical Guide to the Study of Southern Literature* (LSU Press, 1969).

IN THE NEXT ISSUE—WINTER 1970-71

The Piedmont South in Historical Perspective (Thomas D. Clark) . . . . Steamboating as Seen by Passengers and River Men: 1875-1884 (Coleman O. Parsons) . . . . "I Been There Before": Huck Finn as Tocquevillian Individual (Neil Sapper) . . . . Warren's *Audubon*: "Issues in Purer Form" and "The Ground Rules of Fact" (Allen Shepherd) . . . . Paul Hamilton Hayne's Methods of Poetic Composition (L. Moody Simms, Jr.) . . . . Book Reviews.





THOMAS H. LANDESS
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Unity Of Action In *The Velvet Horn*

CAROLINE GORDON, a critic whose literary instincts have always been remarkably reliable, has said of *The Velvet Horn*: "I suspect that it is a landmark in American fiction. I do not know of any novel like it." Surely she must be right, both about its greatness and its originality; and these qualities derive in large measure from the awesome complexity of the work which allows the author to give free rein to his technical virtuosity while ranging over a subject which is as vast and imposing as any explored in modern fiction. After finishing *The Velvet Horn* the reader is overwhelmed by the sheer scope of experience and sensibility which went into the making of the novel, in the same way that he is overwhelmed after reading the works of Dostoevsky or Faulkner (but not the works of, say, Hemingway, whose range of experience is well within the imagination of the average college student).

One has to admire the total achievement of the work: the broad spectrum of characters, the variety of incident, the beautifully cut details, the shifting levels of language. But inevitably the very richness of structure and texture poses a problem in unity which has proven the undoing of more than one reader. Here, as with *Ulysses*, the novice is likely to quit early rather than to make that first synthesis which gives him all he needs to continue until the end. And with both novels, in order to make this synthesis it is almost necessary first to grasp the essential heart of the work, the archetypal or universal experience which lies at the core of the action—or, as Mr. Lytle would insist, envelops it.

When one discusses unity of action in *The Velvet Horn*, then, it is finally the archetypal action that defines the thematic terms in which the dramatic action must be understood. And it is a failure to understand the true nature of this archetypal experience in all of its manifestations which has led some readers mistakenly to conclude that there are several dramatic actions which are linked thematically—the usual structure in novels of

complexity—rather than one important archetypal action which is stated and restated in a variety of contexts during the course of the novel. Once this distinction is understood, then the true significance and originality of the work emerge with striking clarity.

II

Before a detailed examination of the novel, therefore, it is perhaps necessary to clarify the function of the archetypal action in fiction and to ascertain its nature and operation in *The Velvet Horn*. To begin with, in any literary work of lasting significance the experience we call archetypal creates *in potentia* its own implicit form, a paradigm which molds or receives the structure and texture of a novel even as it is put together by the artist. The paradigm is simple but constant and finds its most obvious definition in myth, which purifies significant human experience and is, for this reason, forever preserved in the racial memory, both at the conscious and the unconscious levels. Myth often guides the literary artist in working out his own rendition of the action or experience; and symbol embodies or epitomizes its essence; but it is finally the paradigm itself which in the genuine masterpiece generates all of these devices and keeps the writer true to what is permanent in man's nature.

The archetypal experience which Mr. Lytle explores in *The Velvet Horn* can best be defined in theological terms, though many other definitions are possible. It is in essence nothing less than the fall of man from a state of innocence, his suffering as a consequence, and his redemption, partially through grace, which leads finally to reintegration into the order of things. The myth which best exemplifies this experience is, of course, the Garden of Eden story: but there have been other more complex renditions, something more than myth, which after all has its esthetic limitations. *The Divine Comedy* is certainly one example of a more sophisticated statement and Milton's *Paradise Lost* is another. In more modern times some of the novels of Faulkner come to mind. This, then, is the true subject of *The Velvet Horn*; and the paradigm which preceded by implication its creation is the same one which surely controlled the ordering of these other great works.

Though I have mentioned examples which are Christian, since Mr. Lytle uses the same traditional mythology as Dante and Milton, there are certainly myths in other cultures which are identical in their essential nature and of which Mr. Lytle is obviously aware. For example, almost every traditional society ritualizes the experience of lost innocence in an initiation ceremony which introduces the young man or young woman into the dangers and difficulties of the life struggle, as well as clarifies the social and moral significance of sexuality—that is, defines for each the primary role that he or she will play in society. In primitive tribes the young man may be exposed to danger and even physical torture, while the young woman is ceremonially deflowered, in some societies actually so. In more highly developed cultures, however, such rituals are more often symbolic: the boy is introduced into the ritual of the hunt and the girl makes her debut. After these "ceremonies" they are accepted into the adult community: the young man is a full-fledged hunter, and the young woman is ready to receive serious callers.

The Christian myth, of course, elevates this primitive ritual to a cosmic significance and explains in theological terms each of the stages in the initiation. Thus childhood is the Garden of Eden, free from knowledge, which must come inevitably through contact with evil. In the Christian myth the consequences of such evil are pain and death, while in the primitive ritual these are almost always the evil itself. The promise of Heaven which comes through Christ's pain and death is roughly equivalent to the acceptance of the youth into the adult community, after pain and death have been endured or risked and, by implication, conquered, at least in the province of the heart. In the Christian myth, of course, Christ suffers for all men what each primitive youth had to suffer for himself, but it is just as true that all Christians, through the acceptance of the faith, must repeat that sacrifice over and over again, not only in such rituals as the mass, but also in their daily lives.

There are, however, other ways of looking at the relationship between the initiation ceremony and the myth of the Garden: the former exists in time and the latter encompasses all of time; the former is specific and the latter is generic; one is the effect, the other the cause. Thus, the individual in the ritual of

initiation must face pain and death at a moment in time because at the beginning of time his primal parents lost their innocence and in doing so necessitated the subsequent loss of his. Eden, then, is the story of the family of man, and the initiation ceremony celebrates the acceptance, after suffering, of one individual into the full responsibility of that family.

Once the essential unity of these two actions, whether mythic or ritualistic, is understood, then the paradigmatic unity of *The Velvet Horn* is apparent, and the several courses of action are seen to be essentially the same action.

III

Let us now examine the action of the novel in the light of the archetypal paradigm which shaped it. The three most important characters are the boy, Lucius Cree, his mother, Julia, and his uncle, Jack Cropleigh; and each of these is involved in a separate formulation of the archetype; though these plot lines intersect at certain important dramatic junctures, it is their apparent discretion, seemingly absolute to some readers, which needs explanation. Like Milton, Lytle begins his version of the Eden myth *in medias res* with the novice Lucius Cree as his focal character. Time present, then, can be defined as "after the fall," when the young man begins to learn the hard lessons of manhood and to feel for the first time the consequences of his family heritage—which, as in all families, is one of sin and shame. The initial action seems almost irrelevant to what follows. In Part One, entitled "The Peaks of Laurel," Lucius and his uncle Jack climb a mountain to "witch a well" for some neighbors; and in the course of this adventure, young Cree is seduced by the mountain folk, who seem on the surface to be looser in their moral conduct than his own family. At the end of the long section, Lucius learns that the man he supposes to be his father, Captain Cree, has been killed by a falling tree. Thus we see the beginnings of an initiation story and are prepared for another Southern *bildungsroman.* But at the beginning of Part Two, "The Water Witch," the young man and his uncle start back to the valley; and at this stage the narrative shifts its focus to Jack Cropleigh, the garrulous and introspective uncle, who recalls earlier years and the flight into the woods of his sister, Julia

(Lucius' mother), with Pete Legrand, where they are pursued by the girl's brothers, apprehended and punished: Legrand is disemboweled and Julia is summarily married to her upright cousin Joe Cree. As Jack's character develops, he reveals himself more and more as a prophet, one who knows and suffers the sins of his own blood. And in juxtaposing this section with the first, Mr. Lytle is able to define the essential thematic structure of the novel—the relationship between the initiation of Lucius and the Christ-like role of Jack Cropleigh.

IV

As in any good work of fiction, all structural and textural devices serve to further the thematic intent, and at the outset Lytle introduces two dominant symbols which themselves embody the meaning of the narrative and unite the two ostensibly different experiences in one image. These symbols are the "velvet horn" and the tree, and Lytle, in his essay "The Novelist and the Mythmaking Process," himself clarifies the meaning of the former, as follows:

> Where symbols appear—and there will be one to contain them all in their relationships—they represent the entire action by compressing into a sharp image or succession of images the essence of meaning. For example, in animal nature, the horn stands for both the masculine and feminine parts of being, the two aspects of the apposites which make a whole: the two in one contained by a single form. Add the velvet to this and you posit the state of innocence, that suspension before the act which continues the cycle of creation. At a certain moment the buck, out of the mystery of instinct, rubs the velvet off against the tree, and then he is ready for the rutting season. The velvet grows about the feminine end of the horn, and it bleeds as it is rubbed away. The blood is real, but the act symbolizes what the other end of the horn will do. In human nature the horn's counterpart would be the hermaphrodite, Hermes and Aphrodite contained within the one form. Their separation, Eve taken from Adam's side, at another level continues the cycle of creation. Both forms exist within the constancy of the seasonal turn of nature. The entire range of imagery relates to these.

Lytle feels that this is the "controlling image" of the novel; but the tree, I would suggest (admittedly with some presumption), is the more dominant and pervasive of the two. For one thing, it links thematically the myth of the Garden with the initiation ceremony and thereby suggests the unity of all action in

the novel. (The horn performs the same function, but does so only after one understands the brilliant but highly specialized literary function of sexuality which Mr. Lytle has defined in his essay.) The tree which falls on Joe Cree in the prologue to the first section is of course the archetypal tree of knowledge: Cree has discovered that Lucius is not his son but the product of Julia's illicit conduct prior to marriage. This discovery is too much for the proud man to bear; and so, in an act perfectly symbolic, he commits suicide, destroyed by his own new understanding of an old sin.

But the tree also reminds one of the ancient rites of initiation, when the young candidate was sent into the woods to brave danger, armed often enough with only a primitive weapon emblematic of his essential innocence. So does Lucius Cree go into the woods with his uncle to witch the well, just as his mother "went into the woods," first with her brother Duncan and later with Pete Legrand. As a matter of fact, to point up the important correspondence between the actions of both generations, Lucius' first sexual experience, with the low-born Ada Rutter, occurs within sight of the place where his mother lost her virginity in an incestuous union with Duncan. Thus, the forest (in this case Parcher's Cove, the obvious equivalent of Eden) provides the perfect setting for sin—both the original and the inevitable reenactment. And the tree, in its traditional as well as its contextual meaning, is the perfect image to bind the Christian myth and the pagan rite into a viable unity.

In addition to the tree, there are other symbols which work toward the same end. For example, the mountain in the first section recalls not only Dante's purgatory, the categories of sin which every Christian must surmount, but also the hardship of primitive exposure which here has a counterpart in the struggle of Lucius to comprehend the meaning of his encounter with the harsh facts of human existence: the filth in which the mountain men live; their lust, which causes Lucius' young friend Jeff to battle his own father; the easy virtue of the mountain women. From a horrified bystander, Lucius is transformed into an active participant when he forces himself on the willing Ada Belle in order to assert his sense of manhood, which has been aroused by the conduct of those around him.

Water is likewise an important symbol. The mountainfolk lack water, and it is for this reason that Jack and Lucius are on the mountain in the first place, Jack as "the water witch" who can find the best spot for a well by using his own intuition and a divining rod. And it is in this activity that the reader sees the first hint of Jack's thematic function in the novel—that of prophet-redeemer, the Christ figure in the action. For water in its Christian ceremonial use is redemptive, the element symbolic of God's greatest gift to mankind—Christ's sacrifice, the benefit of which man receives in the first sacrament, when he is baptized into the efficacy of the crucifixion and is "resurrected" or given second life as one initiated into the communion of the faithful. Baptism, then, is the Christian equivalent of the pagan initiation rite—and water is another significant symbol linking Christian tradition with the more primitive ceremonies.

Jack Cropleigh, then, is the man whose special province is water; and as he is able to find the well on the mountain in the earlier sections of the novel, so in the end is he able to redeem Lucius and transform the young man's illicit relationship with Ada Belle into a beautiful and satisfying marriage. Here the link with Christian mythology is unmistakable; Jack makes the sexual fall of Lucius ultimately "fortunate" by sanctifying the marriage with his blood. As Jack intervenes to protect Lucius from the logical consequences of his act, namely, death at the hands of Ada Belle's outraged brother, so Christ redeemed the children of Adam from the consequences of original sin which logically led to damnation, or eternal separation from God. And Lytle makes it quite clear in his own discussion of the book that the union of lovers, the rejoining of the male and the female in the sexual act, is the symbolic equivalent of regaining, within the framework of the human condition, the innocence and wholeness of the Garden prior to the fall.

In addition to symbols, Lytle employs the device of a special point of view to reinforce and clarify the unity of action. As a result of his redemptive role in the fictional drama, Jack Cropleigh emerges as the central character. In his consciousness both the eternal myth of the Garden (the story of Julia, Duncan, and their incestuous union in Parcher's Cove) and the ritual of the initiation (the struggle in time present of Lucius Cree to

achieve manhood and wholeness) are perfectly contained, since Jack is the only witness to both actions and has the remarkable capacity to live in imagination the lives of others as if they were his own. Lytle calls Jack the "spiritual hermaphrodite," suggesting the ancient myth of Teiresias, who, being both male and female, was able to know all experience. As Lytle says of Jack:

> He alone could suffer the entire myth.... Having set him apart with no life of his own, other than his entanglement with all life viewed by family and community, he was best suited to control as central intelligence, and his office as victim-savior could bring it all to a focus by his death.

Thus, the point of view shifts from Lucius as soon as the boy learns of Joe Cree's death, or, as soon as the family's earlier sins begin to weigh on his shoulders; and from that time forward, though the focus often shifts from one character to another, the reader feels that these shifts are not entirely away from Jack, but are in some sense his "translations" of the experience of others: hence one is able to reside, for a time, even, in the consciousness of the dead Duncan, who, without such a device, could only be a ghostly wraith of the past rather than the palpable character-in-action so essential to good fiction.

Thus this subtle, and as far as I can tell, original juxtaposition of time past and time present in the consciousness of just such a character is yet another way in which the author reinforces the essential unity of all the seemingly separate actions. Just as the paradigms underlying both the Garden myth and the initiation ceremony are ultimately the same paradigm, just as the symbols of the tree, the mountain, and water function to unite these paradigms, so does Jack, who participates fully in both the eternal past and the temporal present, function as a unifying force in the novel.

At first, of course, the unity of the separate actions is not apparent, since Lytle does not pursue his narrative in chronological or even logical order. In this respect the analogy between the beginning of *The Velvet Horn* and *Paradise Lost* breaks down after the initial switch from time present to time past, for Milton's structure is essentially artificial, in deference to a classical tradition: but Lytle's action in *The Velvet Horn* is ordered according to the structure of the mind, the human con-

sciousness, and it is in Jack Cropleigh that this structure has its ultimate authority. Without this unifying character, the novelist would have been forced into discursive segments in order to define the relationship between the various parts of his sequential narrative. As it stands, the mere juxtaposition of events, past and present, in the mind of Jack Cropleigh serves to point up their thematic relationship. Thus in Section Two, called "The Water Witch," where all the significant conflicts and relationships are defined, Jack relives part of Julia's story (the incident with Pete Legrand) only to return to the present, where Lucius is blaming himself for Joe Cree's death.

> They drove a little way when Lucius spoke harshly.
> "It's my fault," he said.
> "Hush, boy. Hush," Jack said, startled.
> "When I did it up there with that girl, I knew something bad would happen."

Cree's suicide, of course, is the direct result of his knowledge about the earlier indiscretion of Julia and Pete, the event Jack has been reliving at the moment Lucius interrupts his reverie. But the young man's feeling of guilt is not without validity, for in his moment of initiation into knowledge of adult sexuality, he has without knowing it almost perfectly reenacted the sin of his mother; and thus, in a very real sense, he does share in the death of Joe Cree, who kills himself because he knows that Lucius is not his son. With the eye of omniscience Jack Cropleigh recognizes the intrinsic relationship of the two actions in the closing pages of Part Two.

> "God, is there only one image of fatality? Put Pete Legrand in the place of this boy Jeff; put Julia in her son's place. Find nineteen lost years and stand Beverly and Duncan and Dickie beside him and it would be the same. No, Duncan was halted by the dead fire. It would be the same, as long as the eyelids stay shut. Out of all the combinations possible is fatality so dull as to find one posture, one only, that self-begetting, self-perpetuating wholeness before division, division which is knowledge, the bitter first fruit whose aftertaste set us slobbering, wanderers in this world?"

V

Returning to the action, then, after the Cropleigh family history is recreated in "The Water Witch," the narrative in

Part Three is again set in time present, but for a while in the consciousness of Pete Legrand, who has heard of Cree's death and, unaware of his own role in it, rides toward Julia's house to renew his courtship after nearly two decades. Once again time past intersects with time present, and the essential structure of Jack Cropleigh's reminiscence while riding along with Lucius is paralleled in "The Passionate Husk" as Legrand relives the past while journeying with a companion toward the Cree house. And though for a part of the novel the reader views the action through the eyes of Pete Legrand and a series of choral characters who live along the road he is riding, there is still a sense in which this segment is merely a repetition of what has already been told, a sharp underlining of the significant unity of all experience.

The fourth section of the novel, entitled "The Wake," is primarily concerned with Lucius' introduction to the reality of death—one of the basic lessons learned in the initiation ceremony; and at one point in the narrative Lytle underscores the importance of this archetype in a speech by Jack to his nephew.

> "The Indian boy was always put down among the women, but the time came when they drove a stick through the fleshy part of his chest, tied thongs at each end and from there to the pole, and all day long leaning back to keep the thong tight, with head back and eyes open to the sun, he followed it blazing about the pole. And in the West there are no trees or clouds to block the view. And it may be the pain in his chest eased the pain in his eye, and there were the drums to beat up his courage, and maybe the chanting distracted him some. But if he made the circle, the boy died but the man was there. And afterwards the horizon did not seem the promise or terror of space, nor did he see in the seasons the grind of time but in both that eternal reflection, for he had seen the circle come back on itself, and that great distance the sun come down to the eye, one blinding whiteness, one bright pain—flesh, body, time, space, center, circumference—forever drowned in that illumination which is all. That's why the Indian's eye is clear and steady. It opens at dawn and shuts at night in the afterglow of that mystery."

But Lucius is not the only one who is brought face to face with the knowledge of death. For Jack, initiate though he is, has a special destiny in store for him which he comes to understand during this night given over to communal mourning and reminiscence. After drinking heavily, Jack falls into the grave

dug for Joe Cree, and at that moment sees in a prophetic vision the origin of all the troubled action: the incestuous union of Julia and Duncan from which Lucius has come. And it is this experience that prepares him for the role of savior and begins to define for him the necessity of his own sacrifice.

The fifth section, "The Night Sea Journey," is concerned in large measure with a proof of the boy's newly-won manhood and the final acting out of Jack's passion. Once again, the seemingly separate actions have the same underlying thematic significance and in the concluding scenes are linked together dramatically. Lucius, now a man in every sense of the word, has assumed the responsibility for Joe Cree's lumber mill, still unaware of his true origins. Here Lytle's preoccupation with the matter of business may seem curious on the surface, though it is amply prepared for in earlier sections. Thematically, however, it is inevitable; for what does a young man do after initiation but take up his masculine responsibilities as provider? In primitive tribes it was the role of hunter that he assumed; in more modern times it is business, farming, or one of the professions to which he addresses himself. And it is absolutely necessary that this facet of the theme be explored, since it is into the realities of the struggle for survival—the necessary condition of all life—that the initiate is introduced. Thus the paradigm demands such conduct of Lucius; and one sees the full measure of Lytle's control of his material in the financial intricacies that surround the cutting and selling of timber—activities which form an integral part of the action in the novel.

It is also significant that once again the image of the tree focuses the eye of the reader on the meaning of the action. The cutting and selling of the timber, after all, is the perfect symbol of man's ability to transform his experience of danger into a viable means of survival. Just as the primitive hunter was able to learn, in his ritual journey into the wilderness, the skills of survival which proved his eventual worth to the tribe, so Lucius, after braving the Peaks of Laurel, is able to cut timber and market it—even able to build a house for himself, Ada Belle, and their coming child out of the very tree which killed Joe Cree. Thus, in a sense he proves himself a better man than the man who was supposedly his father, because when he discovers the

secret of his mother's affair with Pete Legrand, he is able to live with the knowledge, even to build on it, while Joe Cree allows it to destroy him. And fully rendering the symbolic implications of the tree, Lytle once again links initiation to the myth of the Garden—and so fulfills all of the thematic and aesthetic promises made in the opening section.

Jack Cropleigh is similarly changed as a result of his fall into Joe Cree's grave; and, interestingly enough, he too embarks on a financial course of action roughly parallel to Lucius' in order to save Julia and his nephew from the ruin he believes inevitable, a ruin he fears will result in exploitation at the hands of Pete Legrand. A mule breeder by vocation and temperament, Jack becomes an aggressive trader, leaves his farm, and travels through South Alabama and Georgia, like any pitchman. He too begins to assume, for the first time, the full responsibilities of his blood, and thus is transformed from the oft-times drunken philosopher into the man of action. All that is left for him is the final assumption of responsibility, which is the sacrifice of his life for the perpetuation of the family.

This sacrifice comes at the end of the novel, after Lucius has accepted the full consequences of his own manhood by marrying Ada Belle. In a climactic scene the young couple is confronted in Jack's house by both families, Ada's mother and brother Othel on the one hand, and Lucius' mother and uncle on the other. Jack, who is at last satisfied with his nephew's maturity, gives his blessing to the marriage once he fully understands it; and when the retarded Othel raises a gun to shoot Lucius, Jack steps in front of his nephew and takes the blast—the martyred redeemer.

In Jack's death the dispute over Lucius' marriage is ended, and the tragedy brings everyone to a final understanding and acceptance of his own sin. Julia, for example, after Jack has drawn his last breath, turns to Lucius and whispers, "Duncan. Duncan . . . ," an acknowledgement of her guilt, but when Lucius attempts to support her, she tells him, "No, no, . . . your place is with your wife." Lucius likewise feels his complicity in Jack's death, not only because his runaway marriage has been the occasion for the fatal meeting, but also because in order to make his entrance more dramatic, he does not immediately tell the as-

sembled kinsmen that his union with Ada Belle has been legitimatized. And Legrand, who has married Julia and assumed the burden of paternal responsibility for Lucius (even though Julia has told him the truth before their marriage), must also live with the fact that the woman whom he has idealized for so long has suddenly grown old, as if in the moment of Jack's murder the years of guilt had suddenly crowded in on her as they inevitably do, ever so slowly, to everyone as a consequence of the first fall. Yet it is Legrand, the "outsider," who puts into words the beneficent consequences of Jack's sacrifice:

> "Jack's death will bring us all together. Your mother mentioned it might be well for your cousin to teach Ada Belle her letters. I think that's a good sign, don't you?"

And so the family—which in its broadest meaning represents the larger community, the family of mankind—is humbled and reunited, just as man after the fall is first humbled by suffering and death and then redeemed by Christ, whose sacrifice makes possible a reunion in God of all who admit their sins and seek the benefits of that sacrifice. Thus man—initiated into knowledge at the fall—may transcend the consequences of his own initiation through love. And Lytle brings the two into perfect focus, so that their essential unity is clear.

VI

It is this unity, I would suggest, which has provoked Miss Gordon's striking endorsement of the novel, and she has by no means exaggerated its intrinsic value. *The Velvet Horn* is surely one of the great literary achievements of the Southern renaissance and one of the most significant novels of the twentieth century. Its marvelous complexity has made it inaccessible to a wide readership; but in time, when the intricacies of design are further clarified by critical commentary, like *Ulysses* it will begin to reach the greater audience it obviously deserves.

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A Look At "Mister McGregor"

I HAVE LEARNED MANY THINGS OF VALUE from Andrew Lytle, but now, as I consider again his story "Mister McGregor," one of them especially stands out in my mind. I learned it in those creative writing classes of his at the University of Florida; and so did all the rest of his serious students. Though a hard one at first, it was a simple lesson. It was simply that fiction writing is work, and strenuous work. Fiction writing was a craft, an exceptionally difficult craft, and like any other it had to be mastered. There was more besides involved, to be sure, but this was locked up in the person, and the only way it could emerge was through the person's mastery of the craft. And so he taught us craft. Or, it might be more accurate to say, he taught us the scrupulous attention to it, since finally a writer can learn his business only in doing it.

Mr. Lytle told us this and showed it to us in our own work. But he showed it to us in still another and even more convincing way, if we read his fiction. For there, from first to last, was an exceptionally vivid example of a man's practicing what he preached. (Or, as well, preaching what he practiced.) What was clear enough then has been made still more emphatically clear by publication of *The Velvet Horn*: that here was a writer whose unsparing attention to his craft had transformed it from merely that into art of a distinguished order. Here was an art that by precision of language and rendered detail, by alertness to form and to each new implication of image, not only used but used up its subject and drew the eye through the particular into the universal.

I remember, as Mr. Lytle's student, supposing that this consciousness of the necessity for scrupulous craftsmanship was something he had learned only through the continuous practice of his art. Later, looking back more seriously at the first of his published fiction, I changed my mind. Then I came to believe, as I still do believe, that this consciousness was a thing he was either born with or else, more probably, derived from the van-

ished society out of which he came—a consciousness based on the knowledge that we can transcend matter only by means of it. This, in terms of art, implies craftsmanship, and it was something Mr. Lytle seemed to know very perfectly at least from the time of his first published story, "Mister McGregor," in 1935.

"Mister McGregor" is a story that was slow to receive due appreciation, by me as by others. The reason in my own case was simply that for a long time I did not see the ultimate point of the story and so missed the fullness of its power. I did appreciate the dramatic force of its surface action, the fierce and beautifully sustained conflict resulting in the victory of the husband over his wife. But I entirely missed the essential role of the story's narrator and therefore failed to comprehend the tragic implication of the whole.

The narrator of course is all-important, for the story is in fact his own story. At first glance, however, his role seems merely secondary, the agency by which an appalling battle of the sexes is dramatically related to the reader. Mister McGregor, the master of a plantation in slave times, against accepted usage and over the bitter protest of his strong-willed wife, whips his wife's personal female slave for her blatant impudence. In consequence the slave woman's husband, a proud and dangerous Negro who is humiliated beyond all bounds by the punishment of his wife, makes up his mind to get vengeance by an open attack upon the person of Mister McGregor. This is where the story begins (for the above details are presented in skillful and dramatic cut-backs) with the slave Rhears, knife in hand, at the door of the big house demanding to speak not to 'Marster' McGregor but to 'Mister' McGregor, a mode of address that is a rejection of McGregor's claim to mastery. In short, the story begins with an open physical challenge of slave to master.

All this and what came after was observed by the narrator, McGregor's son, as a boy of eight. But it is the man, many years later, who is telling the story and whose garrulous comments, first, clarify for us the immediate significance of that remembered action and, second, indirectly apply that significance to the narrator's own predicament. The two functions are dramati-

cally inextricable, but for critical purposes the overt action must be the prior one.

Mister McGregor, upon hearing Rhears's challenge at the door, immediately and as a matter of course reaches for his gun, the instrument and symbol of his established authority. But what is to follow, by the interference of his wife, is an open challenge to his right to wield this authority. Her restraining hands on the gun—an action in which one of her nails draws blood from his knuckle—clearly puts the question in terms of McGregor's manhood only. Now, so challenged, he has no recourse but to risk his life in hand-to-hand combat with Rhears. And, as the narrator foresaw, "This fight was to be accorden to no rules . . . it would start fist and skull and work into a stomp and gouge." And his dramatic account fulfills our expectations of the savage struggle to come.

Obviously (although the obviousness has escaped some race-conscious readers) the story has nothing to do with slavery as such or with racial questions or dilemmas. At this point in the action, when McGregor's wife confronts him with her challenge, the area of the real conflict is made abundantly plain. Already a hint in preparation has been given. In the narrator's words, speaking of Rhears and his wife Della, "They both of'm was give to ma by her pa at the marryen; and in a way that folks don't understand no more, they somehow become a part of her." So the narrator tells us, and the full meaning of his words is borne out in terms of the ensuing action. As McGregor prepares to take Della out for her punishment, Mrs. McGregor opposes him with all the force presently at her command. " 'Mister McGregor,' come Ma's even tones, 'you're not going to punish that girl. She's mine.' " McGregor's reply, "And so are you mine, my dear," especially as elaborated in the subsequent passage dramatizing their icy mutual defiance, makes unmistakable his absolute claim to what she, just as absolutely, denies: his ultimate right to rule her in all things. Hence her challenge to him, which follows straight-away, comes like a stroke of the inevitable. Clearly enough, though it was accident that had furnished the occasion, she is using Rhears as the agent of her defiance; he is the embodiment of her will. As the narrator comments (in a comment that would be superfluous if it were not for his per-

sonal role in the story) Rhears was here by proxy to call his 'marster,' and hers, to account.

The fight, rendered in all its dramatic and barbarous detail, results in the victory of Mister McGregor. There is of course no ethical question as to the means by which McGregor gains his victory, for, as stated, it was understood that the fight was to be according to no rules: Rhears's death is achieved by a stratagem in no way more savage or reprehensible than ones attempted unsuccessfully by Rhears himself. And Rhears's dying words of submission are simply: 'Marster, if you hadn't got me, I'd a got you." He has lost in mortal combat; there is no question of standards kept or broken.

But Rhears's final words convey much more than this. The story's strategy has so arranged that they are not only the words of Rhears's submission but of Mrs. McGregor's also. They speak for her, and in dramatic confirmation of the fact she willingly returns the gun to her husband; Mister McGregor is established as 'marster' again in the full authority of his manhood. Now, as rendered in the final exchange on the question of Della's future, peace and concord exist once more between the wife and husband.

But what about the cost of this concord? It is in terms of this question that the story takes on what has a right to be called its tragic dimension. And this dimension is focused mainly through the role of the narrator, the son of Mister and Mrs. McGregor who witnessed the event many years ago.

It was, as details of the story instruct us, a great many years ago—time enough for the Civil War to have come and gone, for changes that have darkened understanding of old ways of thinking, and for the narrator to consider that his life, such as it has been, is now behind him. He knows that he has failed: he uses the past tense when he reflects on his reasons for accomplishing nothing and the ruin of his health by drink. And finally there is the indication of the language he habitually uses, the colloquial and ungrammatical speech of the plain people which, by contrast with that of his parents, accents our impression of the time interval that must lie between his inherited estate and his present one.

But the narrator's manner of speech shows us more than

this. It is, in fact, the device by which his real condition is most vividly dramatized. For rather early in the story this language raises in the reader's mind a question about the narrator, the question of how it could come about that the rigorously formal speech to which he was reared has left no trace of itself on his tongue. It is a question raised as soon in the story as the reader becomes acquainted with the narrator's parents, the putative subject of his narration, and it comes with a certain shock of surprise. One's manner of speech is the quickest and most obvious index to his character and, since like gets like, the reader is unprepared to find in the narrator's parents the cultivated intelligence, dignity and moral rigor which they so quickly reveal. Their quality is manifested in all their actions, but it is in their speech that the contrast with their son is most clearly evident. "I have whipped Della," says Mister McGregor to his wife, "and sent her to the field for six months. If at the end of that time she has learned not to forget her manners, she may take up again her duties here. In the meantime, so you will not want, I have sent for P'niny. If you find her too old or in any way unsuitable, you may take your choice of the young girls." And the narrator, McGregor's son, "Rhears warn't no common field hand. He was proud, black like the satin in widow-women's shirtwaists, and spoiled. And his feelens was bad hurt. The day before, Pa had whupped Della, and Rhears had had all night to fret and sull over it and think about what was be-en said in the quarters and how glad the field hands was she'd been whupped...."

This contrast in manners of speech, then, is the strategy by which the reader is drawn, with perfect finesse, into the real center of the story. The ground is thus prepared for those self-revelatory remarks of the narrator which complete the description of his present condition and also point back to the cause of it. He is, as he tells us in effect, a loafer and a drunkard with nothing to show for his life but ruined kidneys. He has never married because "I'm peaceful by nature," and, he declares, the only thing capable of making him angry enough to fight is having some one put salt in his whiskey. The inference from this last detail, added to the fact that he is, no doubt typically, sponging whiskey from his audience, suggests the way in which he is

seen by others. All his days, it is clear, are spent very much as he is spending this one: in taverns talking the hours away, bumming drinks from auditors who sometimes get their own back with practical jokes at his expense.

It is of course the incident which the narrator relates, and what he has seen in it, that explains his life. The tale is obsessive for him: he has told it again and again, lingering over details whose significance for himself continues to resist his imperfect, because fearful, scrutiny. "It's bothered me a heap in my time, more'n it's had any right to," he says about the meaning of those looks exchanged between his parents at the critical moment when his father, accepting Mrs. McGregor's mortal challenge, relinquishes the gun. He has understood that his mother precisely meant for her husband to run so deadly a risk. He has understood also that the question was one of authority and, further, that the nature of womankind, "stuffed with dynamite" and determined to "put the man down amongst the chillun," requires for the sake of concord to be subjected. But his fear stands between his understanding of these facts and their meaning for himself. It is fear enough to parch his throat at times. Significantly those moments when the dryness comes upon him, calling for another drink, occur at the points in his narrative when he most nearly confronts the implacable character of the warfare at the very heart of life that is fully lived.

The narrator has never really confronted in this fact the meaning for himself. The reason is clear: the vision came upon him too early, in childhood, and in too sudden and terrible a form. With innocent eyes he observed the abandonment and savagery of the struggle, the brutal extinction finally, in terms of his mother's proxy, of what he conceived even then to be a part of his mother's self. And all in behalf of order between a man and woman who "had the name of be-en a mighty loven couple." Speaking of that moment when, issuing her challenge, his mother's fingernail drew blood from her husband's knuckle, the narrator says, "That blood put a spell on me." It was a spell that never would pass off, a spell whose effect was to arrest him in a condition of permanent childhood. For this is what he is, a sort of child, one who has willfully rejected, because of its terrible obligations, the assumption of full manhood. And this is

why the narrative, no matter how many the thoughtful repetitions, will never quite release its final meaning to the narrator. He cannot allow it. The narrative by implication defines what he actually is, and this understanding must destroy his last illusion of self-respect.

I have said that "Mister McGregor" has a tragic dimension. I do not think that this would be true if the reader looked upon the narrator's fear of life and consequent rejection as based on a perception that had no importantly moral implication. Such a view would explain this rejection as common cowardice merely, fear inspired by childhood trauma. Clearly there is more to the narrator's perception. Partly the point is made in terms of the sheer animal brutality of the struggle ("accorden to no rules"), a struggle won through a device which by any civilized or ethical standard was not "fair." (It is a fault of the story that Mister McGregor, with perhaps incredible courage and certainly with damage to the point, honorably allows Rhears to reassume a deadly hold which he, McGregor, had broken by an accidental blow to the groin.)

However, the point is really established in the final scene of the story between McGregor and his wife. Evidence of the carnage, the body of Rhears, lies at their feet. Almost as an afterthought, as she dutifully dresses her husband's wounds, Mrs. McGregor says to a servant standing by, "And take this body out of here," in a tone that she uses when the maid has failed to dust the room properly. Now Della too must go, she suggests; and Mister McGregor's concurrence brings the story to its end on a final note of harmony. Authority and, so, concord have been restored.

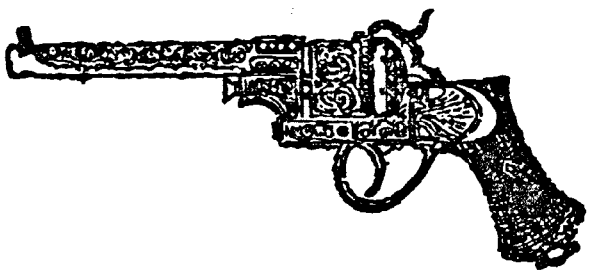
But what of the cost, in moral as well as other terms? A part of the woman, a part which the narrator respected, has been violently removed, and the subsequent accord between the McGregors, callous in its indifference to the carnage which produced it, implies acceptance of a condition that innocence must reject. The preservation of innocence, then, rejecting guilt, rejects the requirements of manhood and so of life itself. And this, if we are to give due weight to all implications of the narrator's tale, is an element in his withdrawal, a cause of what he is. It is also the element which points beyond the narrator's per-

sonal case to the tragic dimension—a moral dilemma implicit in the nature of man himself. The student of Mr. Lytle's fiction will recognize here, in this first story, a thematic implication that was to become an increasing concern of the books that were to follow.

The ultimate theme of "Mister McGregor" is well stated in W. B. Yeats's lines:

> For nothing can be sole or whole
> That has not been rent.

As with all of Mr. Lytle's fiction, theme is the creation of art working upon matter, and it is illuminating to see, in this impressive and intricately wrought first story, the artistic birth of the idea that was to become the seed of *The Velvet Horn.*



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A Name For Evil: A Search For Order

A NAME FOR EVIL, FIRST PUBLISHED in 1947,[1] is Andrew Lytle's depiction of the effects of a perverted view of tradition. Lytle's intention in this novel has been generally misinterpreted because reviewers and critics have been primarily concerned with the discovering and pointing out of Jamesian correspondences and similarities.[2] Of course, Lytle wrote *A Name for Evil* with *The Turn of the Screw* in mind as a sort of frame; but the psychological novel he created is quite different from James's enigmatic tale. Lytle's narrator, talking of himself and his problems, leads us to an awareness of the nature of his psychosis. He shows us—never fully realizing the import of his words—how he destroys his wife and unborn child and thereby renders his life virtually meaningless in the traditional Southern-Agrarian context he has chosen for it.

Henry Brent's struggle and ultimate defeat occur within a definite time and place. Lytle, in an essay on his novel *The Velvet Horn* entitled "The Working Novelist and the Mythmaking Process," states that "there is little or no natural landscape, no recognizable cities, in myth or fairy tale. This is a crucial distinguishing feature between myth and fiction which deals with myth. They have the archetypes in common, but in fiction the action must be put in a recognizable place and society."[3] The action of *A Name for Evil* takes place in a tobacco- and grain-growing area in the southeastern part of the United States during World War II. Lytle makes good use of physical description of *The Grove,* the house and run-down farm which Henry Brent, with Ellen, his wife, buys to live on and to regenerate. *The Grove* is situated in limestone country: one of its fields has

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[1] Andrew Lytle, *A Name for Evil* (New York, 1947). The novel appears in the collection *A Novel, a Novella and Four Stories* (New York, 1958). All citations here are from the collection.

[2] See Jack De Bellis's "Andrew Lytle's *A Name for Evil*: A Transformation of *The Turn of the Screw*," *Crit.* VIII (Spring-Summer, 1966), 26-40.

[3] Andrew Lytle, *The Hero with the Private Parts* (Baton Rouge, 1966), pp. 188-189.

sinkholes and subterranean streams, an important fact in a key scene—but more of this later.

Brent, a no-longer-young, none-too-successful writer, tells his own story, apparently in an effort to justify himself in his own mind. The first-person narration, rendered in a sometimes faltering involuted style, is suited to Brent's character.[4] He reviews and probes his thoughts and actions without realizing that the cause of his trouble is his solipsism. For it is a self-centered Henry Brent who comes to *The Grove*, which was once owned by his Civil War ancestor, one Major Brent.[5] Putting the house and farm in order, Brent believes, will delay his achievement of order in his own life: "If it was to be finished, we would have to do of necessity what once had seemed a labor of love; that is, do a great part of the work ourselves. This would take years out of our life and make of these years confusion and disorder, for a house must be so arranged that there is a place for everything" (p. 189).

The theme of Lytle's novel is suggested by the name *The Grove*. In antiquity heathen peoples planted groves which they used as places for the reception of images. Manasseh, King of Judah, blasphemed by planting a grove in honor of Baal[6] and was put to death for his sins by a jealous and wrathful Jehovah. Like Manasseh, Henry Brent worships a false god; but Brent's false god is something he has created in his mind. Brent is a creator of his world as he perceives it.[7] And in this world—which for dramatic purposes Lytle, with bad country roads, makes isolated—Henry Brent, as regenerator (creator), must oppose the Satanic Major Brent, dead seventy-five years.

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[4] Thomas H. Carter says in his essay "Andrew Lytle," *South: Modern Southern Literature in its Cultural Setting*, ed. Louis D. Rubin, Jr., and Robert D. Jacobs (New York, 1961), p. 285: "Aside from the obvious ability [Lytle's novels] all reflect, they bear no superficial resemblance to one another. Since Lytle varies his texture to suit his story, they do not even have a common style."

[5] *Brent*, the past participle of the Middle English verb *brenne*, to burn, provides an appropriate surname for the Promethean-Satanic Civil War officer and for his suffering twentieth-century collateral descendant.

[6] See 2 Kings xxxi, 3: "For he built up again the high places which Hezekiah his father had destroyed; and he reared up altars for Baal .... 7: "And he set a graven image of the grove that he had made in the house...."

[7] Allen Tate, "Narcissus as Narcissus," *Collected Essays* (Denver, 1959), pp. 250-251.

Major Brent appears to Henry Brent and to the superstitious Negro hired man, Johnny (who imparts the history of Major Brent to the narrator as he received it from his father, one of the Major's Negroes). And so Lytle's novel, at first glance, seems to be based upon a synthesis of *Paradise Lost* and *The Turn of the Screw.*

There is, however, an important paradox in Lytle's recasting of the Edenic myth through the consciousness of Henry Brent: Brent obviously does not realize that he is interlacing his narrative with Gnostic symbols. He considers himself a traditionalist and hates the force of evil that exists in his world. This force, which threatens to destroy what he seeks to rebuild, is Major Brent. He knows that Major Brent despises tradition: Johnny has told him how the Major disinherited his sons, kept his daughter a spinster, brought the grain fields of *The Grove* to a state of perfection, and then—perversely and egoistically approving sterility—allowed the grain to stand in the fields until it rotted. Yet Henry Brent, a man plagued with a "chronic sterility" which has caused his marriage to be childless, a man as self-centered in the mid-twentieth century as Major Brent was in the mid-nineteenth, is unable to see that he is as much an enemy of the principles of the traditional society that he professes to support as was his Civil War ancestor. And, at the end of the novel, Henry Brent becomes the Major Brent he has created in his mind.

Lytle achieves this *Doppelgänger* effect by an artfully arranged sequence of scenes in which Henry Brent, narrating, philosophizing, probing himself, makes it clear that he is psychotic. Lytle gives his novel unity of place (all of the scenes take place at *The Grove,* either in the house or outbuildings or in the surrounding fields) ; taking the year as his unit, he gives it unity of time; and he makes all of the action, physical and psychological, lead to the catastrophe. Frequently employing dramatic irony, Lytle shows the deepening of Brent's psychosis: throughout his narrative, Brent continually condemns himself unknowingly; and, finally, holding his dead wife in his arms, he fails to realize that he has killed her.

At the beginning of his narrative, Brent tells of buying *The Grove,* of his plans to regenerate it, and of his arrival in

early spring with Ellen, who refuses to allow him to carry her over the threshold because he has carried her over two thresholds already. She runs from him and slips into the house. He cannot open the door to follow her—this foreshadows her death at the end of the novel, when, startled, she flees from him.

When the narrator reprimands Johnny for not cleaning up the little room upstairs, Johnny answers that it is Major Brent's room: "He a hard man. He don't like folks projecting wid his things" (p. 178). And when the narrator asks him if he believes in ghosts, Johnny evades the question by describing in detail, with dialogue, how Major Brent relentlessly drove his sons and field hands. Major Brent is very real to the superstitious Johnny, who confuses in his mind the past (the stories his father told him) and the present. But, later in the novel, Johnny cannot see Henry Brent's nephew, Moss, though Moss is very real to Henry. Obviously, Johnny has heard no stories about the young World War II soldier, and he cannot see the shade of a man whom he has never known by reputation.

After the room-cleaning confrontation, the narrator admits that Johnny "in his way... had shown respect for its [*The Grove's*] tradition.... For almost the years of his life Johnny had seen owners and tenants abuse house and land. It was to his honor that he kept faith with the memory of Major Brent, the only man within his knowledge who had brought *The Grove* to its highest moment and then sustained it. In his tradition-respecting mind Johnny could find little help from the dead. Countryman that he was, he was too familiar with the natural order: the dead are dead. So dramatically... he went beyond the laws of nature and endowed the Major with the mystery of immortality and its limitless prerogatives" (pp. 181-182). And then the narrator, with the flash of insight sometimes granted to the mentally disturbed, in his discordant style characterizes himself:

> I am not a romantic. The true romantic has hidden pockets into which his imagination secretes a drug to protect him from the common evils of the hour. I am, I was, that most unhappy of hybrids, the false romantic. With will and deliberation, and this is the essence of the difference, the false romantic ignores the true nature of reality. For the time being. And with care and half-averted eye he hangs the veil of illusion between himself and the

> world. Almost from habit he believes the veil was hung by God, or in the most violent falsification of his nature, he becomes God. I say almost, for he never quite forgets what he is doing. There is this to be said for him. More often the injury done is to himself alone. The true romantic poisons the air all men breathe. (p. 182)

Lytle, then, makes it clear that he is following the Gnostic *lapis*-Christ parallel as set forth by Jung [8] to show the basis of Henry Brent's mental trouble; speaking of his reading on mythology and archetypal patterns, he tells us: "Of course reading has helped me tremendously, but I read not as a scholar but as an artist. The wonder of it is its accidental nature.... I happened to be reading certain authors at the time of writing [*The Velvet Horn*]—some even before I began, Frazer years ago, more recently Zimmer, Jung, particularly *Psychology and Alchemy,* and Neumann's *Origin and History of Consciousness.*" [9]

After a walk with Ellen one evening, the narrator, from a distance, sees the figure of a man on the upper gallery of the house. The stranger wears a hat "wide-brimmed and black"; he has "lustrous eyes, restless, searching, boring the woods like gimlets" (p. 194). Several weeks later, Brent returns to his study one evening for his hat (Jungian symbol used by Conrad in his *Doppelgänger* story "The Secret Sharer"), sees against the windowpane the face of the uninvited visitor he has seen on the gallery, and—like James's governess-narrator—realizes that the intruder has come for someone else. As the governess frightens Mrs. Grose, Henry Brent, by putting his face against the pane at the place where the intruder's appeared to him, frightens Johnny as he enters. And then, after Brent describes the intruder to Johnny (a continuation of the governess-Mrs. Grose parallel), he asks: "Then you've seen him?" and Johnny replies: "... Sho', I've seed him.... Why that's Major Brent... I sees him all the time" (p. 206). Whereupon the narrator discloses his reaction to Johnny's answer:

> I knew that sooner or later I would have to have it out with Johnny.... I must discover just where Johnny's loyalty lay. I must know what he saw... exactly what communication existed between him and the former master of *The Grove.* I come right out

[8] C. G. Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy* (New York, 1968), pp. 345-431.

[9] Andrew Lytle, *The Hero with the Private Parts,* p. 187.

with it. I do not speak of ghosts or apparitions. I speak of Major Brent. To give *a name to evil*, if it does nothing else, limits its range and that is the beginning of accepting it [italics supplied]. (pp. 206-207)

After talking more with Johnny about Major Brent and learning that the Major "doan rest easy" because "all the meanness he done plague him" (p. 208), the narrator makes this self-revealing observation: "I had been fairly certain that Johnny saw no more than all those who believe in ghosts see, that is, the shadow of their imaginations, filled by old stories, myths which grow like moss about the ruin of the cornerstone." Then he adds: "But this was not what I saw. What *I* saw, I saw alone" (p. 209).

The narrator, concerned lest the failure of his hopes to provide his wife with material comforts and "status equal to [his] love for her" (p. 218) threaten his manhood, works on reviews and essays in his study "to get the material for the campaign" (p. 219). He has to mortgage the property for money to add to the money gained from the sale of his wife's ring (the circle—the form of the mandala and Ouroboros of the Gnostics—becomes a dominant symbol at the end of the novel). Thinking of the mortgage and of other time-money relationships, he says: "... I must have been a little mad. I dared not look the timepiece in the face but always hurried by with averted eye...." (p. 220). And in Jung's explication of the *lapis*-Christ parallel, we find this statement:

The Christian receives the fruits of the Mass for himself personally and for the circumstances of his own life in the widest sense. The alchemist, on the other hand, receives the *fructus arboris immortalis* not merely for himself but for... the perfecting of the coveted substance.... [S]ince he is the redeemer of God and not the one to be redeemed, he is more concerned to perfect the substance than himself. [10]

Henry Brent's search for order, therefore, is dependent upon his regeneration of *The Grove* as a mark of material success, that is, as a measure of his manhood. "The redeemer of God and not the one to be redeemed," he becomes a sort of creator

[10] Jung, p. 352.

himself, who must oppose the force of evil represented in his mind by Major Brent.

For a while Henry Brent hopes to pass *The Grove* on to his brother's son, Moss, who mysteriously returns to *The Grove* from the South Pacific, where he has been serving in the war against Japan. Though Moss, in a stichomythic exchange with Henry in the study that is suggestive of a person arguing with himself, seems to doubt the existence of Major Brent, he agrees to take the night watch to protect Ellen, while Henry agrees to take the day watch. Moss is to live in an old office in the yard, his presence known to no one else except Johnny. There is subtle dramatic irony in the narrator's account of his introduction of Johnny to Moss: "I said, 'Lad, this is Johnny. He will look after your needs.' Johnny gave a quick glance to the corner where Moss was, stiffened slightly—only I would have noticed it—and then stood there with respectful dignity, hat in hand, looking not at but just to the side of Moss's position. In any other situation I would have smiled at his cunning. Nobody could trap him into admission of seeing anything." He adds: "Moss turned, smiled in his charming way, and nodded.... I never saw a more difficult situation handled by both parties with greater ease or discretion...." (p. 235). Then, in the presence of Moss, he elicits from Johnny more of the story of Major Brent's perverse attacks on tradition—how he disinherited his sons, deeded *The Grove* to his spinster daughter, and committed "that last affront to tradition, the unmarked grave" (p. 236). And musingly he sums up the situation better than he realizes: "... where will it lead me ... this cold scent, but where all false trails lead—back upon myself?" (p. 238)

Shortly after this, the narrator finds Ellen in the garden, which is some distance from the house, and learns that, hoping to surprise him, she has been regenerating it. Suspecting that her interest in the garden is due to a malignant influence of Major Brent's, he arranges to have Johnny help her. At one point he almost tells her of Moss's presence at *The Grove*, but he decides not to do so. After spending idyllic afternoons at a nearby creek swimming and picnicking, and after working on the interior of the house (during which they engage in a verbal exchange about jugglers reminiscent of Shakespearean bawdy),

they return to the garden to re-examine and discuss it. Johnny, on duty as Ellen's helper, supplies necrological information: projecting from the hexagonal springhouse like the spokes of a wheel are the six graves of Major Brent's wives and housekeepers, five of whom died in childbirth.

The garden is at once a Christian and a Jungian symbol: it is a symbol of Eden and man's state before the fall; and it is a mandala, an archetypal symbol of man's struggle to achieve order and of his attempt to group all the facets of life about a center—the self. According to Johnny, Major Brent mysteriously disappeared after observing his perfect, but unharvested, crop from his throne-like chair and had no grave known to man; this suggests that the sardonic Major, when he designed the garden, considered the springhouse his symbolic grave, his inversion of the fountain of life.

When Ellen leaves the garden, the narrator first fears that she is in danger from Major Brent. Later, at the house, he sees Moss, apparently hypnotized, walking toward the rotten rail of the still unrepaired balcony and realizes that it is he whom Major Brent wishes to destroy at this time. The narrator calls his nephew's name and saves him from falling to the bricks below. In another stichomythic exchange Moss exasperates the narrator by disclaiming knowledge of Major Brent; and the narrator knows that he will be hard-pressed to save Moss, his prospective heir, from the tradition-despising enemy.

As Moss and the narrator part, the latter broods about Major Brent's presence at *The Grove* and decides that the Major is being punished for the misdeeds he committed during his life: "To be neither of the world nor altogether out of it—that was his punishment" (pp. 266-267). Again he fears Major Brent has selected Ellen (woman, the "carrier" of tradition) as victim in a sacrificial act intended to win him his freedom from "the blur of mortality." The narrator enters his wife's bedroom and, jealous of Major Brent, quizzes her enigmatically, but unmercifully. To assert his manhood and his right as husband, he extinguishes the light by pressing his hand "on the hot circle [of] the lamp chimney" and takes her by force (p. 271).

The next morning, Brent, remorseful, decides that he and Ellen must flee the place; but he knows that first he must deal

with Moss. He goes to the old office where Moss is staying and sees that the bed has not been slept in; he finds Johnny and commands him to take him to the place where Major Brent looked over the fields (with their perfect crop) for the last time. When they reach the field, now overgrown with trees and underbrush, Johnny refuses to enter. The narrator goes on alone into what is now forest (symbol of the unconscious) and sees Moss. He calls out to him, but Moss disappears into a sinkhole from which the sound of running water comes: "How long I remained staring I do not know, long enough to feel the dangerous pull of the subterranean sound, promising release, escape from the unbearable, the lull of utter rest and oblivion" (p. 278). Saved from this Lethean attraction by the sudden realization that he still has someone to protect, the narrator looks up and sees, on the other side of the sinkhole, Major Brent with the triumphant look of a carnivorous beast on his face, but "no satiety on those lips [,which] still hungered" (p. 279).

Distraught, the narrator hurries back to the house only to find that Ellen has gone to town. He tortures himself with the thought that she has gone to Major Brent. When she returns from her visit to his brother, she tells him that Moss is dead, that the Army has notified Moss's parents that he has been dead three months. This, of course, is the climax of the novel: from this point the action is falling. When, a little later, the narrator tells Johnny that Moss has been dead three months, the Negro says: "A mile don't mean nothen to a dead man" (p. 290). The narrator reaffirms that he saw Moss at *The Grove* and asks Johnny if he saw him. Johnny replies that he never saw him, that he threw the food intended for Moss to the chickens, and that he made the bed one time. At the end of the scene, Johnny suggests that Moss's ghost came to tell the narrator something: "Maybe he done tole you, kin you cipher hit" (p. 291).

After a supper in which Henry and Ellen drink a toast to the memory of Moss (a sort of communion), Henry announces that "his [Moss's] death is our salvation" (p. 298) and that he is going to take Ellen away from *The Grove*, as the place is haunted. Then she tells him that she is pregnant. He is shocked that his "chronic sterility" should have disappeared so suddenly. Regarding the pregnancy as a sort of miracle, he comments:

"Now I knew that my good daemon had deliberately led me to *The Grove.* Not to escape the accident of the world but to come into my own. I was now to be the head of a family, a true family, returned to my proper place, and that place physically and spiritually of a sound and explicable history" (p. 300). As everything in Henry Brent's life revolves about himself, he thinks in the first-person singular on such an occasion.

Brent relates that he remained in a state of elation during the remainder of the fall season (his changes in mood suggest manic-depressive tendencies). With insight that seems uncanny to the neighbors and to Johnny, he harvests the tobacco crop just before a frost which damages the crops of others. And, one night in the barn, where the tobacco is being cured, he sees Major Brent again: "His face, as red as the coals he was hovering over, distinctly carried an appeal, but it was so loathsome in its naked directness he must have seen how it repelled me. In a flash he was threatening me, and the cold fury of it left me shivering in the heat of the barn" (p. 305).[11]

Now certain that Major Brent threatens the unborn child, the narrator, again referring to himself as a false romantic, asks: "How was I to know that I had put myself in the way of the past and the future, bemused by the mad fancy that I could reach into history and regenerate, a function proper only to a god?... it came to me with the suddenness of revelation: was not my idea the obverse of Major Brent's act, with the difference that he had died unrepentant and the vanity of his act bound him in torment to the shadowy air of the place, haunting it until that time he could work his release?... Unpurged, unregenerate spirit that he was, he would know only to seek his release through a repetition of the original error" (p. 308). But gleefully reflecting that phantoms are beyond history and only think they may perpetuate it, the narrator goes to the house to warn Ellen, who is, of course, quite upset when he finally tells her that he has seen Major Brent.

Early in December, the narrator's brother, a successful

[11] Here Lytle is using the Dantean-Shakespearean-Miltonic representation of punishment by heat and cold. In many parts of *A Name for Evil* he interweaves descriptions of the four elements (important in mandala symbolism, as well as in Renaissance poetry).

businessman, arrives from town in response to a letter from Ellen. He reprimands the narrator for telling ghost stories to his pregnant wife and promises to supply the couple a house in town.

But in January, shortly after Christmas ("We spent a quiet Christmas . . . ." [p. 319]: the only statement the narrator makes concerning either of the two most important days in the Christian calendar), fate in the form of weather delays the removal to town. Rain, sleet, snow, and a steadily dropping temperature cover everything with ice and snow. The narrator takes Ellen to the garden to show her its beauty, perfected by snow and ice, and made eerie by fog. They become lost. In an attempt to find the gate, he leaves her in the vicinity of the springhouse (with its Christian-Ouroboros serpent-fountain and its six graves). Unable to find the gate, he begins to move in circles to find Ellen. Suddenly he sees her, head down, apparently listening to something. He screams her name in warning. Startled, she looks at him, backs away, saying, "No, no, no." Then the narrator sees Major Brent, dressed as a bridegroom, reaching forth his arms for her. Shouting, the narrator dashes forward. Ellen leaps upon the rotten platform of the springhouse and falls through it. The narrator rushes to her side and lifts her: "Already I knew what it was I held in my arms, and I knew that at last Major Brent had triumphed and I was alone" (p. 327).

The circling that the narrator does to find his wife is, of course, symbolic of his solipsism, as is the mandala-shaped garden in which he moves. At the end of the novel he is at the center of his spiral. Probably Ellen, a frail woman, highly nervous because of her husband's mental condition, her pregnancy, and the eeriness of the garden, thinks, when she sees her husband just before she falls to her death, that she is seeing Major Brent. And, in effect, Henry Brent has become Major Brent: he is the jaguar leaping for his own image. [12]

One critic has said of *A Name for Evil* that "this novel seems the best single refutation of Agrarian-traditionalist positions that has been produced either by its [sic] enemies or its supporters . . . ." [13] This statement is wrong. In *A Name for*

[12] Allen Tate, "Ode to the Confederate Dead," 11. 82-83.

[13] John M. Bradbury, *The Fugitives: A Critical Account* (Chapel Hill, 1958), p. 271.

Evil Andrew Lytle depicted what he intended to depict—the fatal effects of a distorted, private view of tradition. To do this, he used what he had learned from Henry James, from Jung and other psychologists, and perhaps from Joyce. But, most of all, he used what he himself had learned, through experience, of a people and a country.

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The Quality Of Richness: Observations On Andrew Lytle's *The Long Night*

EVERY WRITER HAS HIS CHARACTERISTIC GIFT, a particular quality or flavor which makes his works his own and nobody else's. In the case of Andrew Lytle that gift is what I would call his *richness*—diversity, fullness, plenitude. At least it is this quality, I find, which draws me back to his novels and stories, and it is the vividness of individual scenes and of the fictional world in which those scenes are set which I remember long after I have forgotten the details of plot and names of characters.

Anyone familar with Mr. Lytle's work will recognize at once what I am talking about. Consider, for instance, a story like "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho"; with the very mention of the name dozens of sharp details crowd the memory—ground so rich it would make your feet greasy to walk on it; the almost pleasant smell of a distant polecat; the stench of wet hounds steaming by the fire; Brother Jack with his cleft palate and his taste for whiskey, himself cut in two by chain shot at Murfreesboro; macassar oil dripping from a young lover's locks and down on his collar; the rustle of old love letters in a basket quilt; the half-tester of the bed opening out like a sunrise above Mrs. McCowan's head where she lies dying; white naked bodies dragged by horses over rough ground; sweat shining on a black face in the lamplight; white cotton fields under an intense blue sky. If these are not exact, it is because I have listed them from memory, and I have done so to prove my point; that the details stick, and they stick not only in the mind but in the senses. I read "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho" for the first time sixteen years ago; these details have been with me ever since.

However, sharp details alone do not constitute all I mean by richness in fiction, for a novel can never be simply a collection of vivid fragments; the details have to mean something, have to have a place in the novel as a whole. It is true that the sights and smells at Long Gourd would not stick in the memory were

they not vividly realized, each in its own right; but at the same time they would prove to be equally tenuous if they had no significance to the meaning of the story. So here we see that richness of the sort I am describing requires a perilous balance. On the one hand the details that constitute a fictional world must have life and vividness in themselves, a kind of existential autonomy. Each character, each place, each scent must be what St. Thomas Aquinas calls an "act of being" in its own right, not simply a mask or image in which the general "idea" of the story clothes and manifests itself. At the same time these individual acts of being must co-inhere to form a world which has being or unity as a whole, and neither the individual acts of being nor the being of the whole can be sacrificed.

There is a great deal of good fiction which makes a different sort of demand. In Conrad's novels, for instance, the integrity of the fictional world depends largely upon the unity of plot and theme. It is not the details of the foreground but the underlying idea which gives his work unity. Even his most vivid seascapes lack independent existence, lack being. They are there to illustrate an idea or to create a mood, and we seldom remember them except when we recapture the subjective experiences of those characters for whom they have significance. In Mr. Lytle's world, on the other hand, people, things, and places stand up and declare their unique existences, and theme and plot are generated by those declarations, not by the idea. There is really no idea as such in "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho," nothing which in an abstract statement would make much sense. There is rather a place with its people, sights and smells. Nothing happens simply in the mind, for sense images nourish the whole fabric of the story. Consequently it is impossible to abstract some purely intellectual content from the story, and any effort to do so in memory calls us back immediately to place, sight, taste and smell.

We can say, therefore, that the principle of richness, the actuality of being, in Mr. Lytle's fiction is also the principle of unity or meaning in that fiction. Take, for instance, *The Long Night*; and as a particularly good example of what I mean, the sequence of events which terminates in Damon Harrison's death. Damon is a complex character involved in a complex situ-

ation, and Mr. Lytle makes no effort to simplify either character or circumstance in order to conform them to some preconceived idea of what they ought to mean. Damon's father, Quintus Harrison, has gambled away his family plantation in the Alabama Black Belt and has been forced to begin life again, and in straitened circumstances, in the hill country of Coosa County. His wife resents the loss and the new life bitterly, primarily because she sees that Damon, now eighteen, is being drawn into the life of the hill country, "the Buyckville world," which is foreign to his blood and breeding. She is not simply a snob; and her apprehensions are ultimately justified, for it is Damon's relation with that community which costs him his life. On the other hand Damon gains something by that relationship and by dying in the way he does that his mother, in her seclusion, loses.

From the time we first meet him we follow Damon's progress from the fringes toward the center of the community. His very genes are clearly an obstacle to that progress, for his classical name, his "reckless blue eyes," his heroic, if adolescent, bearing bespeak the "blood," and distinguish him from the hill-country people to whom he has become attached. On the other hand he is in the process of winning an entrance into this new life in which he finds himself. The mule-breaking scene is an instance, for that is the occasion on which Damon wins his spurs; it is his initiation into a society which breaks mules rather than horses, though the latter is the kind of world to which he was born and in which he properly belongs.

His relationship with the community is strengthened further when he falls in love with Ruth Weaver, for she belongs to the blood and soil of Coosa County. Lest we forget that fact of her belonging we always see her in a family group, chasing a swarm of bees or helping prepare a funeral supper. This latter scene is particularly interesting, for it is here that the complexity of Damon's situation (in fact of the entire novel) is brought into view. The whole Buyckville community is present at the funeral and, in one sense, that whole community and its action have been the cause of death. The dead are Brother Macon and Ruth's cousin, Alf Weaver, both shot while acting as members of a posse formed to capture Pleasant McIvor. Pleasant has vowed to kill all the men who were involved in his father's

murder, which means he must exterminate a large segment of the Buyckville community, apparently including Damon. Now, two of his victims lie in the Weavers' front room and the rest of the community gathers for their burial. The same body which has killed unjustly and earned by doing so the severe justice of Pleasant's vengeance now gathers in genuine communal piety to bury its dead.

The paradoxical nature of the situation brings us back to the principle of richness or actuality, for this complex, self-contradictory community (and all communities are complex and self-contradictory) is defined, not by the simplicity of an idea, but by the multiplicity and contradictory profusion of its actual being. Everything which belongs to that being is present at the Weavers' house and is brought to life with Mr. Lytle's characteristic vividness; the cedar buckets of fresh-drawn water, the smell of boiling coffee, two brown hams, four freshly baked cakes, four loaves of new bread and others still baking. These details suggest richness and goodness and leave no question that the community in its plenitude is to be considered as good, as a center of life and value in the novel. Yet the occasion of the gathering is violent death, and other equally vivid details suggest the very antithesis of life and fullness. The two brown hams, "rising from their drippings," are symbols of hospitality and order, yet they have been sent by Mr. Lovell who is the truly guilty party in Cameron McIvor's murder and who is therefore indirectly responsible for the deaths of Macon and Weaver; and Lem Botterall, the sheriff and the security of the community, who wakes piously with the dead and attends unselfishly to the unpleasant job of their laying out, is also deeply involved with the same guilt.

Damon is still on the edge of this plenitude and complexity. He is drawn to the funeral primarily on account of Ruth, and he "hangs around," waiting for a chance to see her. We are reminded of his alienation when a large woman, almost an emblem of plenitude in herself, "her stomach rolling from under the dark calico apron" asks him, "whose boy are you?" When he answers, "Mr. Quintus Harrison's," she registers, in a friendly way, the fact that the Harrisons do not belong: "Lawd, I've heard about him, but this is the fust I've seen any of his folks"

(p. 153). Meanwhile Damon's initiation is proceeding. He is asked to bring water to the "laying-out room," and when he arrives, he finds that Beatty, Botterall and Simmons, who are doing the good office of washing the bodies, are already tipsy. They have pulled the clothes off Brother Macon's corpse and gotten his feet in the tub. At the moment Damon arrives with the water "he saw the grayish-brown figure leaning grotesquely against the mantelpiece. The body was thin and drawn, and it had the cold shine of death. The icy eyes stared into the room, and the beard hung softly down. From the hole in the stomach a black stream of dried blood had spread down the inside of a thigh, streaking the calf, to the twisted toes" (pp. 162-163). Damon must dump the water in the tub at the corpse's feet.

The point is quite clear: that just as the community involves both good and evil in inextricable connection with one another, it also involves life and death in the same close bond. In fact the bond is so close and the relationship so complex that it can never be expressed simply as idea; it must be shown in the very details which in their actuality, their "liveness," constitute the complexity. Whiskey, good food, hospitality, pious and impious acts, falling in love, killing and dying are all parts of the same pattern of experience. The meaning of the pattern resides in the life of the details which make it up, and at the same time the life of those details gains its meaning from the whole. Therefore, to be drawn into the pattern as Damon is being drawn is to be brought under the power of actual events and people, and it is a measure of Mr. Lytle's richness that we cannot say that drawing is simply good or simply evil. Damon's mother has defined it as simply evil, and her judgment is clearly an over-simplification. On the other hand Damon's choice proves to be less than simply good.

In the event, his initiation brings him life and death in close juxtaposition. After supper he meets Ruth and they slip away to the woods together. There on the verge of his greatest happiness he is murdered by Pleasant McIvor for his part in the community which has killed Pleasant's father. In other words Damon is killed for belonging to a world which in the person of Ruth Weaver promises him the life and happiness which his mother and father in their exile have lost. He proba-

bly expresses the sentiment of Ruth's own household and of the others gathered there for the funeral when he says that Cameron MacIvor was an "old son-of-a-bitching nigger stealer" (p. 172); and immediately he feels Pleasant's dagger strike his side. To make the matter more complex still the last words he hears are the fruit of belonging to the very community, the belonging to which has killed him: "Oh, Damon, Damon . . . I'll love you all my life" (p. 173).

Damon's role in the book is as a foil to Pleasant, and having examined the former's situation we are now in a position to see how its complexity contributes to the meaning of the novel. Consider for a moment Pleasant's situation at the moment he drives the knife into Damon's side; it is potentially more complicated than that of the boy he kills. He has vowed to revenge his father's murder and to restore thereby the family honor. In other words he, too, is representative of a community, that of his own kin, and in his case too the sources of life and death are closely linked. Had he not felt bound as he did, as he had to be, by family honor, he would have been spared the deadly course on which he is set. However, Pleasant's course is different from Damon's; where the latter has been drawing closer and closer to the heart of the complex actuality which constitutes the community, Pleasant has drawn progressively further away. He is even alienated from the family whose honor he is defending, for, on the whole, they have repudiated the course he has taken. We begin to see that he is in a genuinely tragic dilemma. To sustain the honor of his family, which is the principle of community, he must sacrifice that very principle and become an alien, a "loner." That is the path he chooses, and one way of interpreting the choice would be to say that he repudiates that richness and complexity of human existence which is the measure of reality in Mr. Lytle's fictional world.

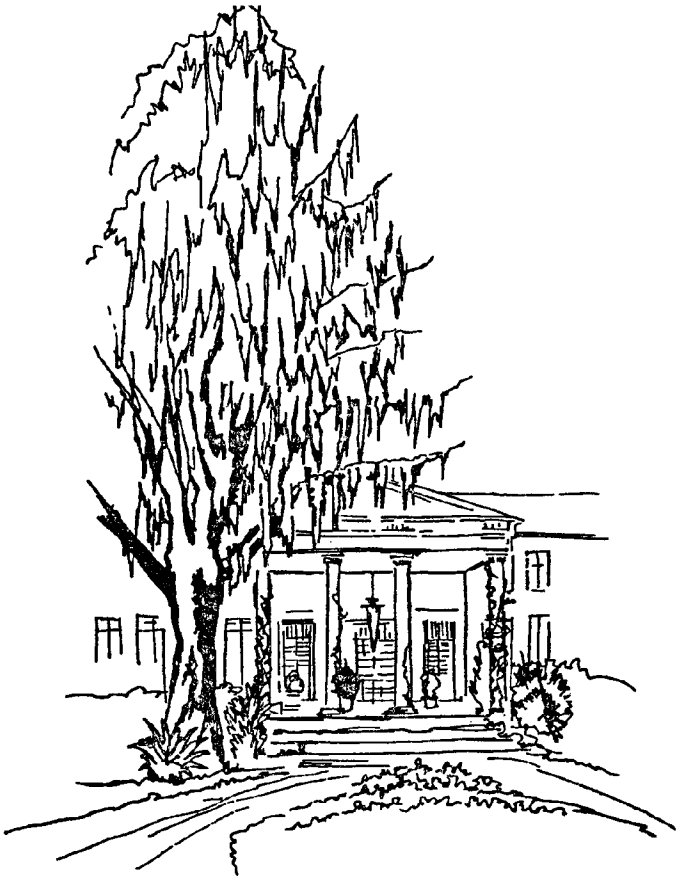
Thus, at the wake, while Damon is inside, becoming embroiled in the web of actuality which at once makes him and undoes him, Pleasant is outside looking in, secure but possibly damned in his abstraction and simplicity. Simmons saw him and, significantly, thought him a "hant"; for Pleasant has learned the "menace of secret places" (p. 105). He has withdrawn from the richness of actuality and thereby gained a deadly advantage

over men like Botterall or Damon who "live by daylight," whose freedom and maneuverability are hampered by the web of real being. He has learned the simplicity of singlemindedness and loneness, "to be at ease in the dark." "To know what the long night meant. That was the secret of vengeance" (p. 106).

Fortunately for his soul's good Pleasant's life does not end in that moment of simplicity when he drives the knife into Damon's side; however, his subsequent development and his ultimate repentance need not concern us here. What does concern us is that the sense of richness, of particularity and actuality, which is the earmark of Mr. Lytle's style is also the key to his meaning. For it should now be clear that the conflict between the community and the exile, which is Mr. Lytle's persistent theme in all his fiction, is realized, not in terms of the idea or of merely allegorical or illustrative images, but as a conflict between the richness of actual being and the denial, repudiation, of that richness. As such it becomes a conflict between existence and its negation, for to exist, really to be, is to be part of the insoluble complexity of a particular, local state of affairs. The only way to simplify real life, to separate the good from the evil, is to undo the very structure of being, and that will only be accomplished by the angels at the last day. Pleasant's is a familiar role in literature, that of the scourge in the revenger's tragedy; he attempts to take the judgment, the undoing of actuality, on himself.

It is Mr. Lytle's considerable accomplishment as a novelist that he has undertaken no such vengeance on his material; that he has allowed the real existence of things in all their immediacy, diversity and locality to bring their life into his art. The fact that he has done so accounts for the remarkable warmth of his fiction, for the way he appears to love his characters, places, sights and smells, and to brood over them, to hover them, as Mrs. McCowan hovers the animals, fields and fences of Long Gourd, to embrace them even when they are weak and evil and, in a sense, to forgive them. I do not think the word *love* in such a context is too strong; for, after all, it is the unique capacity of Charity to love all men and all things simply because they are, because each is an act of being created by and contingent upon pure existence itself, who is God. Such love

demands the forgiveness of one's enemies, and that, in the final analysis, is the point of *The Long Night.*



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The Whole And The Parts: Initiation In "The Mahogany Frame"

CRITICS HAVE LARGELY IGNORED the work of Andrew Lytle. Since ours is an age that seems to need the intermediary assurances of the critic, Lytle's brilliance as an artist and his solid achievement are therefore little known. John L. Stewart, acclaimed by Northern reviewers as the definitive historian of the Fugitive and Agrarian episodes, easily dismissed him as minor. This may have been on the slight bulk of Lytle's work, but the critic seems to have disliked the personality of the young author that he exhumed and, in addition, was embarrassed over "The Hind Tit," which he does not understand. By his own account, he has put himself with those readers of the early thirties who were of surpassing modernity and consummate sophistication, the sort that transformed *Radix omnium malorum est Cupiditas* by substituting *Rusticitas*. O brave new world! Alexander Karanikas in a generally bad book said even less. John Bradbury, author of two volumes that touched on Lytle, said more, but he hardly improved the situation either by the degree of his perception or in his expression of what he saw.

These critical derelictions have done a harm not easy to excuse. Partially from the lack of critical percipience, Lytle's work has been the property of those who met him and came under his personal spell, his friends, and a happy few of the discriminating. The critical accounts point to "influences," and the author himself points to some they never thought of, but adds:

> To put such store by influences, then, is to make a basic mistake about the nature of an art; it is to reduce it to a rational act. This attitude also falsifies the thing made by confusing what is unique to it, the artist's own way of seeing and doing, with the common grounds of experience any artist of necessity must draw upon. [1]

[1] "Foreword," *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories* (New York, 1958), p. xiii. Quotations from "The Mahogany Frame" come from this book and are not footnoted.

The happy few more nearly accord with Caroline Gordon's remarks on *The Velvet Horn*: "He breaks most of the rules and emerges with a novel which is beautiful and terrible and utterly his own. I suspect that it is a landmark in American fiction. I do not know any other novel like it." Since a handful of stories is part of his achievement, also generally not known, I propose to examine "The Mahogany Frame." It was given that title when collected in *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories* (1958); on first publication in 1945, it was called "The Guide."

Of Lytle's own essays, Allen Tate has said that they "are not like any other literary criticism of our time," for as critic he "brings to the analysis of works by other writers the same insight that enables him to write about his own. He writes about *Madame Bovary* as if he had written Flaubert's masterpiece." [2] Ideally, a critic should do as much for Lytle, but one may not at will duplicate the feat. It seems fair enough by less arduous measure to say that Bradbury is inadequate on "The Mahogany Frame." He sees influences right off; "... like most of Lytle's stories," it

> has a derivative ring, this time of such Faulkner stories as "The Bear," and of the Hemingway stories of Nick Adam's [*sic*] earlier experiences.... Like its models, it is the story of the maturation of a young boy in intimate association with nature. [3]

To him it is a story about duck hunting on Reelfoot Lake, and the atmosphere is evoked well. However, it resembles the Faulkner story "in its thematic concern with tradition." In order to question Bradbury more fairly, I quote him:

> The young protagonist enters on his initiatory experience with the ideal image of his great-grandfather before him. His uncle and the guides on the lake seem to conspire to destroy the image .... The revelation occurs when the boy suddenly sees the uncle looking at him with his great-grandfather's eyes. The recognition of continuity of a tradition, however fallible, as traditions must be, becomes therefore the burden of the story—and the reader of Warren's novels will have discovered an additional source for Lytle's fiction. [4]

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[2] "Foreword," *The Hero with the Private Parts* by Andrew Lytle (Baton Rouge, 1966), p. xiv, p. xvii.

[3] John Bradbury, *The Fugitives: A Critical Account* (Chapel Hill, 1958), p. 269.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 270.

What the critic thinks the initiation is, what happens to the boy in relation to his forebear, what he sees in his uncle are still mysteries after one reads Bradbury. The influence thesis seems no profounder than that Faulkner and Hemingway preceded Lytle; for that matter, Hemingway must have influenced "The Bear," since his Nick Adams stories came before the Mississippian's work. All three must have influenced the hunting passages in Durrell's Alexandria books—at least by this logic. Why stop here when a whole 19th century full of initiation fiction awaits in Goethe, Balzac, Dickens, Keller, and the rest? Nor am I sure what Bradbury regards as "tradition." Nothing good, clearly. Rather than seeing the influence of Warren, he might ponder Donald Davidson's essay "Poetry as Tradition," and perhaps he would discover there a possibility of not one more influence but a source of strength in the Southern tradition that is behind all three. Let us be charitable and believe that Bradbury's space was limited and be done with him.

Lytle regards "the loss of innocence or the initiation of youth into manhood" as an archetypal experience and acknowledges that "The Mahogany Frame" is such a story. A youth goes through a series of events and gains new knowledge. The term "initiation" is used so loosely as to mean not much more than that, even though the same thing is true of most fiction. Usually, however, we intend by it those adolescent crises with sex or growing beyond childhood's illusions by other means. Harriet R. Holman suggests a distinction between two kinds of initiation stories; in one the child is "initiated with violence into a world of men—an ugly world full of unearned suffering and hatred and loss." The other

> involves a child exposed to pain of a personal, a private kind, not public or violent or readily recognized by others. And out of this quiet experience come new values which enrich the old without displacing or wrecking them. It implies acceptance, endurance, and most significant, continuity—continuity of person, of family, of society, of values.

The protagonist, by the strength of inward qualities, "adapts and endures without suffering disorientation." [5]

[5] "A Measure for the Story of Initiation," *SAMLA Bulletin*, XXXIII (November, 1968), 24-26.

I wonder if a distinction should be made between "loss of innocence" and "initiation." The terms do overlap, but not entirely. If "disorientation" occurs and nothing else, is the story a true initiation? Having borrowed the term from the study of myth and archaic cultures, we tend to use it more metaphorically than literally. What is a formal initiation in a traditional society? In the hope that it will aid clarification, I turn to the accounts of Joseph Campbell in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* and *The Masks of God*: *Primitive Mythology*. His example is that of an Aranda aborigine in Central Australia; yet drawing from many sources, he insists that "analogies—even minute analogies—exist far too numerously between the mythological traditions of the higher and lower cultures to be dismissed as the mere fall of chance . . . ." [6] I think his account can also serve as a measure for initiation in fiction.

All initiations are fabulous voyages. The rites are celebrations of wholeness whereby a youth is transformed into a new being at once human and divine. He is made to know a fullness that partakes of all living men, of ancestors, of gods, of animals and plants, a being that transcends time, yet dwells in it moment by moment. Ritually, he is present and participant at the first creation. The particular forms are those fashioned out of history and local circumstances, but the content is universal human nature. As Campbell says, "Ritual is mythology made alive, and its effect is to convert men into angels." The end is that "archaic man was not a man at all, in the modern, individualistic sense of the term, but the incarnation of a socially determined archetype." This "apotheosis" was effected in the rites of initiation. [7] By means of the ceremony, participants become walking "epiphanies of a cosmic mystery." [8]

In general, as Campbell puts it:

> The tribal ceremonies of birth, initiation, marriage, burial, installation, and so forth, serve to translate the individual's life-crises and life-deeds into classic, impersonal forms. They disclose him to himself, not as this personality or that, but as the warrior, the bride, the widow, the priest, the chieftain; at the same time rehearsing for the rest of the community the old lesson of the

[6] *The Masks of God*: *Primitive Mythology* (New York, 1959), p. 112.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 118.
[8] *Ibid.*, p. 179.

> archetypal stages. All participate in the ceremonial according to rank and function. The whole society becomes visible to itself as an imperishable living unit. Generations of individuals pass, like anonymous cells from a living body; but the sustaining, timeless form remains. By an enlargement of vision to embrace this super-individual, each discovers himself enhanced, enriched, supported, and magnified.... [T]he man or woman who can honestly say that he or she has lived the role—whether that of priest, harlot, queen, or slave—*is* something in the full sense of the verb *to be*.[9]

Further, initiation and installation rites "teach the lesson of the essential oneness of the individual and the group; seasonal festivals open a larger horizon." [10]

In particular, however, the initiation of a young male has a masculine exclusiveness. The youth is brought into his adult masculinity. Though a woman bore "his temporal body," now the men will "bring him to spiritual birth," as Campbell puts it. The secret revelation of these rites is outside the ken of child or woman. Yet part of the ordeal is specifically erotic and intends to direct "the boy's pliant mind and will... forward to the image of his manhood with an earthly wife." [11] Attending these "rituals of transformation" is a change of appearance; the physical body is "transformed by the ordeals into an ever-present sign of a new spiritual state." In societies "where the body is no longer naked and mutilated, new clothes and ornaments are assumed... to symbolize and support the new spiritual state ...." [12]

There are three stages, Campbell abstracts, in all initiation rites. These are "separation from the community, transformation (usually physical as well as psychological), and return to the community in the new role." [13] He cautions us on one important point—myth is local in its forms. Initiation is induction into a particular local group and its cosmology, "not to any merely open, uncommitted manhood, but specifically to a certain style of thought and feeling, impulse and action...." Every local system has "a long history behind it of a particular sort

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[9] *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (New York, 1949), pp. 383-384.
[10] *Ibid.*, p. 384.
[11] *Masks*, pp. 89-90.
[12] *Ibid.*, p. 117.
[13] *Ibid.*, p. 116.

of social experience and cannot be explained in general psychological terms" because of its close adjustment to "specific, geographically determined conditions of existence." Its ideas have been derived from long ages of "meditations on a recognized natural order of the living world." Therefore, "no functioning mythological system can be explained in terms of the universal images of which it is constituted," because the history of a particular culture is involved. [14]

The components of a traditional initiation, then, are: ceremonial transformation of the individual, in terms of both ultimates and local conditions and history, giving him new being and, it follows, new knowledge which includes new dimensions of time as well as new concepts of himself, life, and society, a change symbolized by a new physical appearance or costume. In "The Mahogany Frame" most of these elements appear in some form. The local particulars and Lytle's artistic use of them are to be explained. Before that, we must look at his comments on the story for the clarification they might give.

The author tells us that "the boy's initiation happens 'by accident,' through the ritual of hunting, itself debased . . . ." In our culture "we do not formally instruct our young men. What there is of it is private and accidental." Though it is an archetypal experience when youth is inducted into manhood, "the young men of different societies will respond in various ways." In the case of this story, our "lack of ritual limited, at the very start, the archetypal conflict . . . ." Finally, the change in the boy which "comes at the end in a shock of illumination is the measure of how he achieves maturity without formal guidance." [15]

Once again, Campbell's remarks are pertinent:

> . . . it would certainly seem that when an essentially cerebral emphasis preponderates in the schooling of the young, as it does in our highly literate society, an alarming incidence of serious failure is to be expected in the difficult passage of the critical threshold from the system of sentiments proper to infancy to that of the responsibilities of the hour . . . . [16]

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[14] *Ibid.*, p. 90.
[15] Lytle, "Foreword," p. xlii.
[16] *Masks*, p. 92.

From Lytle's comments just quoted, I single out "the lack of ritual" and "the ritual of hunting, itself debased." I take him to mean that hunting is not specifically related to our society by being consciously designed and used to effect the transformation of the young. Hunting as part of a rite of formal initiation may be as self-conscious and profound as the pattern Campbell finds:

> One is linked to one's adult role... by being identified with a myth—participating actually, physically, oneself, in a manifestation of mythological forms, these being visibly supplied by the roles and patterns of the rite, and the rite, in extension, supporting the form of society. [17]

I take it, further, that in any modern society hunting is only remotely related to its primordial beginnings; therefore, what it can carry as a literary device is limited. The most likely thing is something about the activity itself—one is initiated into the mystique of the hunt, which long ago lost its aspect of necessity and as a result its religious signification. Still, the aura is there of the distant time when hunting was ritual and necessity, the hunted both god and substance of the god freely given as food for his ritually anointed.

The hunt in "The Mahogany Frame" is the first duck hunt of the nameless boy whose point of view gives us the story. His mentor for the occasion is his maternal uncle, who had decided the boy was old enough to go and asked him. The boy sees men who came "out of some urgent need they did not rightly understand—all of them now and in his great-grandfather's day, were guided, were governed by the instincts of a bird." Here is the predictable-unpredictable aspect of nature, the basic analogical paradigm that remains true for the life of even modern civilized man. These men do not know their own natures; their society has repressed parts instead of using them creatively. "Nevertheless," as Campbell points out, "the dominant motive in all truly religious... ceremonial is that of submission to the inevitables of destiny—and in the seasonal festivals this motive is particularly apparent." [18] These men lack a religion.

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[17] *Ibid.*, p. 117.
[18] Campbell, *Hero*, p. 384.

The situation the boy finds is different only in degree from his great-grandfather Laus's day. Then too hunting was more pleasure than necessity, though the aura of "time-transcending ritual" was also present. The chief difference for the boy is the blatantly commercialized thing the hunt has become. He believes this was not the case when Laus hunted here, but that (its truth aside) is part of his idealization of the past. For if the action proper is the boy's experiences on the hunt, the enveloping action is the highly commercialized world of the duck hunt and by easy extension the entire commercialized modern world. The guides work for money: "All of this, Uncle Bomar?" .... "Yeah, I know. It's too damn much, but it's what they charge." The boy's guide, Goosetree, tells him, "There's no money in guiding," and does not want his son to do it. Goosetree has bought a bargain place nearby which he plans to rent to sojourning couples. "There'll be money it it." He brags about his bargain.

The contrast between the two guides is pertinent. It is made in several ways. Tommy is a kind of lost bard. While drunk he tells a story of his background in which he claims to be the son of a Jewish trader and an Indian woman, and when he was eleven to have killed the drunken father. This story is not true literally, I presume. The alleged father was a man of commerce and not faith. His impulses were destructive of himself and his offspring. I see in the conflict debased religious and intellectual values played off against the instinctive and natural, these forces represented by the respective characters of the father and mother. Tommy himself is instinctive and natural, full of emotion and wildness in marked contrast to the other guide. Jokes are made about his abiding interest in fornication; he drinks to excess. When he and Bomar fail to get ducks, it is as though he blames "the incomprehensible workings of Fate." He is a man potentially pious but corrupted, a traditionalist without a tradition. His story, evidently representing his dilemma in the world, is a kind of wish fulfillment; and, though a tall tale, it is symbolically true. The same conflict is dramatized throughout the enveloping action.

The other guide, Goosetree, is essentially a petty bourgeois, a man for all seasons of the commercial calendar. His single answer is money. He is the man of calculation, where Tommy is

the man of feeling; he does not drink. His methods of hunting are calculated and methodical and more successful than Tommy's. Having clocked the movements of the ducks, he checks his watch with pride when they appear on schedule. Where Tommy is a satyr misbegotten into a crass time, Goosetree is flourishing. He is Shaw's Nicola in *Arms and the Man,* the realist; he is Lopahin in Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard,* the practical man of the future; he is Huguenau in Broch's *The Sleepwalkers,* the man without principle. The contrast between the two guides is emphasized by their eyes, which are traditionally the most spiritual of the senses, the light of the soul. Tommy's are out of harmony with the rest of his appearance; the best part of him, they make him look like a pirate. He is "at least human and it was somehow because of his eyes." Watching the sky, his eyes "absorbed it like a blotter." Goosetree, on the other hand, looks at the sky covetously, as though to use it. Tommy's eyes look at the sky with awe, Goosetree's skin it. The boy refers to them as "Tommy" and "Mr. Goosetree."

The commercial point is further emphasized by the distance the boy must go in order to participate in even this "debased ritual," comparable to the distance the hunters have to travel in Faulkner's "Delta Autumn," after the timber interests have cut down the forest. En route the boy and his uncle stop at a hotel in Center for a few hours of sleep. The proprietor uses himself as a kind of decoy; he is dressed as a hunter and talks glibly of the shooting in hopes of luring real hunters to buy his accommodations. Tommy twits them coarsely about their stop and adds, "And they'll steal there, too." Again, he is symbolically right. The distance to the wilderness is suggestive of things like the gulf between modern civilization and fundamentals. The enveloping action brings this out repeatedly. Mythically, this journey is the boy's withdrawal from society so that he might undergo his initiation.

In such a context the boy's initiation would, of necessity, only be an accident. Just the smaller aspects of the hunt are consciously held by the participants. Nobody knew or intended what happened to the boy. His access of insight might well not have happened. Bomar at least sensed the youth's readiness at the threshold, since he asked him to go this time after having

refused his childish wheedles in the past: "The invitation was plainly Bomar's way of accepting him as a man. Bomar did not take boys duck shooting." And the boy himself "felt that at last he was ready for a man's pleasures and responsibilities." But he does not know what these are, nor how he should behave, and nobody tells him. There is no formal induction into a given body of lore and set of objects that comprise the symbols of a cosmology.

The detail of the maternal uncle is suggestive. In matriarchies he carries out male roles in the rituals. The modern South, obviously the setting for "The Mahogany Frame," is still enough of a matriarchy for the point to be worth considering. In a true matriarchy, woman as queen or goddess enacts ceremonially the universal principles acknowledged by all; in a debased matriarchy, woman acts out masculine roles that are not true to her nature and performs them with uncertainty and misunderstanding. Here more than in eternal feminine nature we get caprice, cruelty, and the rest. Women have dominated the boy's childhood. He must now learn to view the situation from an adult male point of view.

From the life of Laus, the boy's mother derived saws that are supposedly moral wisdom to fit him for a civilized life. He becomes aware that these are dry, abstract, and partial, lacking in the juices of actual life: "And so it came to him that from his mother he got most of the admonitions but the stories he had from his grandfather or from Jake." The men, on the other hand, take up the stories of Laus that bring out the wildness, the escape from the civilized restraints. Their vision corresponds to a part of their own natures constricted by civilization but not eliminated. This they share with the guide Tommy and other hunters. Obviously, their sexual natures are involved. One hunter has evidently carried on an affair at the Lake with Nelly the waitress. The wilderness and the hunt, then, have sexual qualities. And what would a male initiation be without sexuality?

Bomar, about whom there are whispered scandals in the family, is bitter toward women. In context his remarks seem to mean that he is unable to reconcile sexual abandon with the civilized requirements for sexuality. In larger terms, the problem is that of the adult pleasures and responsibilities the boy

felt himself ready for. By skillful timing, Laus was able to have both, Bomar claims enviously. In due time Laus was converted to Christianity, presumably his way to reconcile these dualities, though that point seems lost on Bomar, for he regards the conversion with cynicism. The Christian way appears not possible for Bomar. To the pagan Tommy he makes fun of Laus's conversion, but his words reveal his knowledge of the forms of the kind of initiation that Christian conversion is. Will it come to him in time, too? Perhaps, but not any time soon.

There are ways of demonstrating one's masculinity other than fornication, but in this modern non-ritualistic hunt some men blatantly acknowledge both its sexual aspect and its degenerated form by bringing women with them—women not their wives. This is another sign of the modern confusion; women on the hunt mean that the lines of conduct have become muddled, not to mention the unimportance of the hunt as ritual. Tommy recalls that "when I first took up guiding, didn't no women come here to hunt or fish." He also tells a ribald anecdote about a Chicago doctor and his doxy down for a pretense at fishing. This illustrates the lack of respect for women outside of the civilized norms. Bomar turns a whiskey bottle up to "Argive Helen and all her kin." He refers to the wife of Laus as "his Helen [who] stayed at home making quilts and raising his young." The Chicago doxy bore the name also. Goosetree plans to turn the situation to money with his cabins. When the boy and his guide move into their blind, he notices a litter of cigarette butts, one hardly smoked and smudged with lipstick: "Instinctively the boy averted his gaze." Women have intruded into the male ritual. Much of his initiation is into knowledge of the sexual nature of men and women and the social conduct of it, a duality held into a straining unity, the parts and the whole.

The boy's mother sees him off and makes a feminine mistake about the masculine world. There is a "humiliation of the leave-taking," as he innocently allows her to dress him, as though for Sunday school or a party, in his hunting togs (he is not really entitled to them yet); he soon realizes that "hunters changed for the Lake after they got there." Like the other men in his family, as anecdotes illustrate, he is "hindered by the solicitude of women." Filled with pride at following the same

road Laus took to the Lake, he recounts the tales to Bomar, who seems not to know them. The boy parrots his mother's interpretation about the far-distant past. "You might know it would be a long time," Bomar says bitterly. "The United Daughters like'm dead." To the boy's puzzlement,

> "I mean all united daughters. The club don't make any difference. In union is strength. That's their battle cry. But hell, boy, you don't know what I'm talking about.... What I mean is the only man they'll have any truck with is a dead one. After a certain age, that is."

Bomar makes this out as general feminine nature, but really it is local. Men have crossed race and class lines with such words on their lips. Although the boy still does not understand, a revelation begins through which he reinterprets many things he has known and taken to mean something else, things close to him, his family and their legends. Soon he is confronted with "the truth heretofore hidden in things familiar...." He recalls his grandfather's attacks on the church that really are veiled attacks on things feminine, all the while uttering no explicit word against women. With Uncle Bomar, the boy "felt a difference. Bomar had actual women in mind and a grievance which seemed, however mysterious, real and vaguely threatening." And he knows too his uncle had "inadvertently... allowed talk which he considered unseemly to pass between them."

Knowledge of the sexual conflict in society and in men and women is only a start. The initiation is far from complete. The form of the whole the boy comes to before he can comprehend it fully:

> But now that he thought of things in a way he never had thought before, all which touched him dearly lay bright and clear before his vision, the beginning, the middle, and the end clarified in a burst of illumination, where the parts were the whole and the whole defined in parts.

And he gains this "by accident" before he reaches the hunting ground. It is the form of wholeness and perfection, proper to innocence; but it is not real in this world. He misunderstands it, as on the occasion of his first long pants his brother's remark, "Keep 'em buttoned," had a meaning beyond what the boy understood. Just so, the mahogany frame is a form that can take

more than one content, that now contains a picture of Laus, but as easily can hold one of Bomar or in time of the boy himself. But the boy's vision is a form without the content of his own experience. A similar perception of unity comes to him at dawn on the hunt and dawn in his experience:

> Never had he been able to see so clearly and so far. He thought it must be like this with animal eyes at night or whenever they hunt, to see and not know they are seeing, when the vision and prey are made one for the spring.

I regard both of these visions as the ideal truth of innocence, and truth brings strength: "A wonderfully fresh strength streamed through his body. All things seemed at a beginning. It was the world on the first day." However, many things befell the world on subsequent days.

The age-old analogies between a life and the change of the seasons or the course of a day; a journey from one place to another, such as from plain to mountain; the course of the mind's progress from ignorance to illumination, from darkness to light, the soul from its corporeal involvements to the union with God—these are the traditional patterns hovering in the background of the entire story, lending it the strength of time, tradition, and universal metaphor.

The last revelation is the crucial one for the boy. Just as "all things he had found different from his imaginings" at the start of the hunt, and "almost without attending it, so fast did it happen, one certainty after another had slipped away from him," so the revelations had proceeded. He had expected the guides to be "simple, noble men," lean and keen-eyed like the guides of Laus; he found them to be foul-mouthed, greedy, and drunken, if competent. Tommy called Bomar "a pretty bastard" in camaraderie rather than insult; his uncle had fought for less. Women had intruded into the hunt in a frivolous way, lessening the high seriousness of it. He mistook a mudhen for a duck. The boy had set out, in the classic pattern of innocence, "never doubting that things could be otherwise than as they seemed." Yet at every step of the way the realities were different from the appearances, the boy learned.

The culmination is Laus. A picture of the family legend has hung in the mahogany frame beside the mantel like a household

god, which indeed he is. The boy's mother has held him up as a model. His own words for Laus are highfalutin; no reality corresponds to them. "He's the one that was such a rounder," Bomar says at one point, though it comes out that the uncle has pondered Laus's significance more deeply than that. The picture had never caused the boy to think of his forebear. The picture-man has the marks of mortality all over him; he is simply a man. "Tall, gallant, and forever young," the figure in the boy's mind is beyond human limitations. This image of the idealized Laus is a form with no human content. The full and unsentimental truth has got to be learned. The revelation came with force at the end of the hunt: "What he saw made him raise his hand, as though for support." Turning, the boy looked into Bomar's eyes: "they were the eyes in the mahogany frame." Since earlier he had examined his uncle's eyes minutely without noticing this similarity, the new insight means a growth in his being and with it a growth in his comprehension. What does he see? That mighty hunter Laus was a man as Bomar is a man, as he himself is now a young man? The boy sees the human qualities in the eyes; he sees man; he sees himself. All have a man's problems. None is exempt. The youth has climbed to a new plateau of maturity.

With this perception, the final stage of the initiation, comes insight into the difficulties of male adulthood as it takes temporal and local forms. What is the new state of being? The modern boy has entered into loss, first of all, where Campbell's primitive youths experienced "a marvel, a source of wonder, well worth the pain and fright of a second birth." [19] But if he has lost, he has gained. The loss is the unreal idealization of childhood; the gain is a human dimension to history and legend. This too is the pattern of doubleness that has recurred throughout his experiences. Doubleness confronts him in regard to sexuality. However imperfectly, society has bound this fundamental duality into a workable unity. The commercial aspect of the modern world exacerbates the difficulty.

The young man must reconcile many dualities on his new level. His knowledge is adult and will guide him in further ex-

[19] *Masks*, p. 89.

perience in the adult world. His initiation is archetypal in that all must go through it in some fashion; however, it is limited by the nature of the modern world, which is not traditional but instead committed to the flux of change. There is of course no ritual initiation into profundities. The enveloping action has shown the theme of dualities all the way through; the experiences of the persons in the action proper have conveyed the same truth. Artistically, then, "the parts are the whole and the whole defined in parts."

Yet these words which pertain to the boy's innocent vision of wholeness do not correspond to his adult experience. For he has not gained any cultural certainty that will assure him in regard to the doubleness of sex—indeed, the entire "multiplicity of the conflicts of opposites" that is "not chaos but life as we suffer it," as Lytle has elsewhere put it—only some accidental insights into the empirical way it is done. His insight is as much into the problem as into the answer. Laus, the god of his childhood, has been humanized with these very problems. However, he offers as much possibility as ever of being a guide, I think, no longer as one above the moil but now as a fellow man who did what he could with his own imperfect nature. In the realm of experience, the boy's insight into Laus means that he no longer holds that vision of his innocence, the parts being the whole and the whole defined in parts. Such wholeness is ideal and is not possible to adult experience in the modern world.

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[20] "The Working Novelist and the Mythmaking Process," in *Myth and Mythmaking*, ed. Henry A. Murray (New York, 1960), p. 146.

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Toward A Dark Shape: Lytle's "Alchemy" And The Conquest Of The New World

"ALCHEMY" IS NOT one of Andrew Lytle's most important fictions. Simplicity and straightforwardness distinguish it from the Tennesseean's characteristic work: from a sequence of creations in which fable, angle of vision, texture, and subject matter modify and reinforce one another in weighted counterpoint. But this sixty-plus page novella is nonetheless a thing well and carefully made—an extended trope spun out of known history and filtered through a believable observer extrapolated from that history. Moreover, it is (when set over against the aforementioned novels and short stories) an extremely useful touchstone, an access into the thematic center or thrust of Mr. Lytle's career.[1]

Like *At the Moon's Inn* (of which it is sequel or prologue), "Alchemy" is the tale of Spain's American expansion, of the "example of the conquistadors." Indeed, it is impossible to consider the one work without checking it against the other. Yet a better place for commencing this reading is Lytle's own criticism, especially "The Image as a Guide to Meaning in the Historical Novel," "The Working Novelist and the Mythmaking Process," and certain splendid review essays.[2] The procedure is one that has been recommended at least indirectly by the novelist himself: ". . . reading is one way to learn to write." And he has followed his own suggestion, even to the point of searching out what is paradigmatic of all "making" from his private

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[1] I employ the text printed on pages 103-164 in *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories* (New York: McDowell, Obolensky, 1958); the first appearance was in *Kenyon Review*, IV (Summer, 1942), 273-327. All subsequent citations from "Alchemy" are embodied in my text.

[2] Most of these papers are collected in Lytle's *The Hero with the Private Parts* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1966).

creative labors.[3] With "myth" or "image" in Lytle's novella I commence.

The title of "Alchemy" is both a description of an action and an allusion to the frame of reference within which that action unfolds in plot. In the person and performance of the alchemist is gathered much of what has made for the world as we have known it since the Renaissance. Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Goethe, Spengler, and Jung were well advised in their focus upon the breed.[4] For it was always an anomaly in the accommodation of Grace with Nature that was feudal Christendom: an ominous anomaly that augured the disruption of that ontologically pious dispensation. The given creation aways rankled in the bosoms of the grimy denizens of ancient laboratories. And the infernal overtones of their activities were not, from the medieval point of view, unfairly connected with a certain crafty fellow well acquainted with flame and sulphur. From alchemy and its halting efforts toward the transformation of dross into precious ore came the spirit of Francis Bacon, the herald of a new era in which mind and will would combine to further the "greater power and glory" of the species: in which the discursive reason shifted shape into a caldron great enough for seething most of the Western World. Add to the figure of the crypto/chemist the metaphoric associations of the westward and upward Peruvian journey (of conquest, enrichment, and death) toward what was foreseen by the journey makers themselves as a demiparadise, and the meaning of this title is completed, the image at the heart of Lytle's novella identified: a searching out and up, by sacrilegious means, toward the condition of a self-anointed godhead. Discovery and possession of the Indies are, therefore, in this narrative *an alchemy in men,* a movement of the spirit foreshadowing all else accomplished by certain his-

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[3] *Ibid.,* p. 20; pp. 178-201. On page 9 of this volume, in the first of the essays referred to in the body of these remarks, Lytle observes of the importance of a governing metaphor or central image "placed at the post of observation and at the historical center of the author's seeing eye" to the organization of good historical fiction: "It was right to begin here, because it is here the author began. His image will not take the final measure of a book, but once it is located there will be less risk of misreading for there will be a common referent."

[4] Lytle read Jung's *Psychology and Alchemy* after the composition of "Alchemy."

panic gentlemen in the Eldorado of their wicked dreams. Three tropes, all one in meaning, with the shift in space and fortune manifesting an inner and impious outreach toward a condition not available to our mortality.

Hovering just behind the action in "Alchemy" (as he was in *At the Moon's Inn*) is the presence or personage who made possible the just described juxtaposition and melding of spatial and metaphysical overtones, the Admiral of the Ocean Seas, Don Christopher Columbus. The great Italian seaman is the original adventurer in the realms beyond the sunset. Hence he is the moral ancestor of Hernando de Soto, the antagonist in the Spanish novel; as he is of Francisco Pizarro, who plays the same role in Lytle's novella. The narrators in both works act Ishmael to the Ahab of their great captains. But the nameless soldier who speaks in the latter is never so taken up in his expedition's monomania as is Tovar, who painfully learns his way through and out of Florida in the former.[5] Therefore he can, from the first, speak of the Governor General in a language that judges and condemns while it describes; can label Pizarro as a "witch" who "watched the brew of circumstance" among his men so as to "let its smell tell him what to do . . ." (p. 103). And, remembering, he can also render this report in the appropriate frame of reference, connecting the Peruvian march upcountry with a conversation of the "great admiral" himself, words borrowed from an equally anonymous sentinel who had overheard Columbus' forecast of a "Paradise of Pleasure" in the mountains they are climbing (p. 124). But it is in *At the Moon's Inn* that all the conquistadors are morally gathered into their prototype. The episode in which this gathering occurs requires full examination before we turn to an analysis of the design of "Alchemy."

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[5] *At the Moon's Inn* (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1941). Hereafter, references to this book are indicated in the body of the essay.

Tovar's involvement in De Soto's vainglory facilitates the expansion of his "education" into a full novel. Only when warned by the haughty wanderer's ghost ("the will is not enough") does this loyal liegeman recognize what folly he has performed in questing after an "abiding city" in this sublunary, transient, and imperfectible world (pp. 396-398). The immunity of the narrator in "Alchemy" to the same sick dream makes inevitable that his account be brief. However, the veteran of Columbus' voyages gives a summary quality or depth to his post of observation as does the presence of Tovar and De Soto in Pizarro's band to the former's North American reportage.

The portion of Lytle's De Soto novel to which I refer comes early (pp. 43-47) in that account of the first white incursion into the Southland and clarifies what is at stake in the hidalgo's decision to find his own Cuzco and Montezuma. Its scene is a predeparture banquet of De Soto and his lieutenants, a company he has brewed up into a compound suited to the Florida journey. Its principal is, however, one unlike these younger men, an ancient Marshal of Seville, crusader and true knight who serves well as a mouthpiece for the Godsweal of medieval Spain. The old warrior has no horror of bloodshed or long marches. But for his generation military, political, and economic actions were exercises of trust, not means of self-glorification. And they believed in turn that genuine self-realization comes with acceptance of the obligations imposed by a place. Out of that background the Marshal admonishes the young men before him concerning the spiritual unworthiness of the venture they are to commence on the following morning. As he describes his own part in wars against the heathen, details the perils yet confronting the Christian West, and builds to a final (and thoroughly ignored) toast to "that poverty of the Cross which is Spain," he points back to the beginnings of the apostasy he deplores. Columbus is the villain of his discourse, the "alchemist" who "left such a hole in Christendom that... it can never be plugged." In the fellowship of "new" men, empire-builders and victims of a secularized eschatology (including priests, noblemen, and his own grandson), this Quixote with a sting is alone. But the remainder of this novel proves him out as wiser than his sullen auditors. Later in *At the Moon's Inn*, in the book's climactic scene, the Adelantado of Florida, Civil and Military Governor of Cuba, and Vice-Regent of God in North America (above Mexico), commits himself to the old enemy whom all alchemists serve, to him who from the first offered full power over and an immunity to the law of Nature.[6] A near general ruin is the

[6] For additional evidence of Lytle's preoccupation with modern man's Promethean attitude toward Nature as a target for his will, the reader should consult *The Hero with the Private Parts*, pp. 139, 158, 199, and 201; the "Introduction" to the second edition of *Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company* (New York: McDowell, Obolensky, 1960), pp. x-xvii; "How Many Miles to Babylon," in *Southern Renascence* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1953), eds. Louis D. Rubin, Jr., and Robert D. Jacobs, pp. 31-34; and *Shenandoah*, III (Summer, 1952), 30-32, for an untitled Agrarian afterthought.

issue (pp. 366-374).[7]

In "Alchemy" we are not shown the final fruit of Pizarro's calculated presumption. But we are taken so far as the moment and place of its consummation, the interlude of silence following the great victory at Caxamalca. Like De Soto, Pizarro cannot finally corrupt himself unless he brings others to share in his undoing. His "brewing" is therefore slow and difficult, even with the record of earlier freebooting expeditions fresh in the memory of his men. Though the Spaniards are still nominally Christian, they are prevented from seeing their enterprise for what it is by the language of religious conflict which was part of the complex baggage they brought with them out of their recent victory over the Moors. This paradox is on the side of their leader, pushing the orthodox in his company toward the anti-miracle of which they speak, once triumphant. Almost every detail that Lytle rearranged, added to, or subtracted from the chronicles he appears to have consulted clarifies the reader's impression of this necromancy and therefore points up the burden of his interiorized retelling of their story.[8] Every page of "Alchemy" builds toward this final and most significant of "inventions." Similarly, each moment contributes to the already described envelope of metaphor surrounding and informing its plot. Both patterns are closed in the same nighttime colloquy.

After foreshadowing (in the "brewer" image) Pizarro's part in the remainder of the novella and marking his cohorts as "ignorant" and "gamblers," Lytle's narrator follows the amazing 177-man "army" from Tumbez and the muggy, infested coastlands (representing the ordinary human condition), across the barren Cordillera, the rich foothill valleys, and the front range of the Andes (signifying the inevitable struggles of the truly ambitious—usually the spiritually ambitious), and finally to the mountain fastness of Atahualpa and the "thing of radi-

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[7] De Soto's specific sin in this scene is to usurp the authority of his priest.

[8] The ancient historical documents concerning the Peruvian invasion are well represented in William H. Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Peru* (Boston, 1847). That Lytle knew and used Prescott is evident. Whether he worked back from that composite to its source I cannot say. I have used the Modern Library text of the Brahmin historian which contains the Peruvian study and also his *History of the Conquest of Mexico* (New York: Random House, n.d.).

ance" (here a travesty of the spiritual, despite the crusader's rhetoric) which they imagine there awaits them (p. 164). But I have earlier identified the role of geography-as-figure in this sequence. It would be unintelligible without the addition of another ingredient to the dialectic of the total work. Just as Lytle uses the countryside of Peru to specify what his "visiting" Spaniards are about, he similarly employs its native inhabitants. And their role in giving significance to the tale is perhaps more important than place conquered or attitude of conquerors.

The Incas are the antitypes of their European adversaries. Indian passivity and absolutism aggravates the white men's assertiveness and individualism—does this even as it spells their empire's doom. The polity and religion of the ancient South Americans are indistinguishable and are centered in the person of their ruler. For that reason there are *no Indians but the Inca*: no one to secure that lord's position but the emperor himself. It is therefore unfortunate for him that he has permitted no initiative to any liegeman, even to his household guard, the Canari. The arrant effrontery of their slaughter in the courtyard disarms Atahualpa (pp. 160-162). In fact, the Inca has so completely swallowed his own rhetoric of deification that he and his minions come almost unarmed into Pizarro's lair. Had he not been so over-confident, the Spaniard would never have been permitted to arrive at that fortification (p. 135). In addition, his natural vanity has been recently strengthened by victory over a rival heir to his father, Huayna Capac. Once Atahualpa is pulled down from the royal chair, his world is dead. That the "moss chins" should have intended this sacrilege from the moment of their landing was as inconceivable to his servants as it was to him. As Renaissance men, the Spaniards are *all will*. The Indians are *all submission*. The proper attitude of the truly human being is, of course, somewhere in between. [9]

The turn in "Alchemy" occurs halfway in Pizarro's march (pp. 131-132). Natural hazards, surprise, puzzlement, and fa-

[9] *Ibid.*, pp. 762 and 773. Prescott observes that the monolithic properties of the Peruvian empire damaged the character of its citizens and made it ripe for conquest.

tigue begin to undermine the morale of his little band. While speaking always "like a man who repeats another's command" (p. 129), the skilled commander offers to release all who would leave to return to a base camp. To these faint hearts he will even reserve a small reward. But to the bold will go a "share" (a token of their active personal seconding of his design) of the "gold" waiting still higher among the peaks. The Gideon-like gesture (along with directions from the Inca's emissaries) removes the last troublesome impurity from Pizarro's alchemical mixture. The Spaniards who continue to Caxamalca need few orders and no encouragement in the remainder of their journey. Nor do they doubt again—not even when the "dark thing," always in attendance upon the alchemist, steps into the place of the "white robed" object of their desire and receives them into its embrace (p. 164).

Throughout this novella Lytle's narrator is addressing a silent audience, probably an audience of his peers (i.e., other old soldiers). He puts to them an implicit question about the fortune of their generation, especially as it shared in the opening of the New World. He does well (as a storyteller) to reserve his normative denomination of Pizarro until his tale is finished, until the label of "alchemist" is indisputable. For the same reason he is wise to delay the inversion of the novella's religious terminology until De Soto murmurs "miracle," until we have seen the man of God play devil's tool. Verisimilitude requires both procedures. And so does art.

In "Alchemy" a singular segment of Western history—a segment Catholic and full of echoes from the old dispensation—is rendered in a specifically transitional and retrospective context, a context reminiscent of Joseph Conrad's practice with point of view. All of these characteristics gave Andrew Lytle an opportunity to search out the full implications of modernity with an unusual and ironic power: with far more authority and purchase than would have been possible had his scene been recent Northern Europe or North America. Mr. Lytle *found a shape* in the record of Pizarro and his band, an image inclusive of the meaning he had earlier discovered in the Southern experience. His Spanish fiction sheds a powerful refracted light on alchem-

ists closer to home. They and their handiwork have ever been his theme. [10]

[10] I have not accounted for much of the functional detail of "Alchemy": the ominous preparation by the narrator in his talk of Fortune (p. 109); in his meditation on the Incas' great road as a treadmill (p. 112); in his accounts of the conduct and appearance of the Incas' ambassadors (pp. 120-128). It is enough to say that in each of these details there is reinforcement for the interpretation I have attempted.

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The Walls Of Mortality

> I am unreconciled to what I know,
> And I am old with questions never done
> That will not let me slumber, Randall, my son.

HOMAGE TO ANDREW NELSON LYTLE must include recognition of what is surely one of the finest pieces of short fiction to have emerged from the Southern renaissance of the first half of the twentieth century: "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho." This story was first published in the 1936 spring issue of the *Southern Review* upon the invitation of its editors. Since that time it has been anthologized along with the similarly great stories augmenting the rich store to which Faulkner, Porter, Welty, Warren, Taylor and others have contributed.

"Jericho, Jericho, Jericho" is a parable of the fall of the South and a compelling and poignant story of human strength and frailty. Two aspects of Lytle's technique in the story are remarkable, and both of them are manifestations of the point of view from which the story is told. First of all, the third-person-limited point of view is the best possible vehicle for presenting to the reader the portrait of the strong, fearful matriarch, Katharine McCowan, (the widow of General Malcolm McCowan) on her deathbed. And secondly, in limiting his narration to the consciousness of a dying human being, Lytle has achieved as successfully as any writer has ever done the *tour de force* of writing about a universal experience which no one has ever lived to describe—the throes of death. "The Bishop Orders His Tomb in Saint Praxed's Church," "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," the "Benjy" section of *The Sound and The Fury*, and "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall" all present psychic states and conditions which the typical reader cannot know unless he is mentally defective or until he dies. Such preternatural circumstances give the imaginative artist a free hand in exploring this realm of human experience, and its literary representation may be both terrifying and lyrical. Lytle's achievement in this kind is unsurpassed in literature.

"Jericho, Jericho, Jericho" is set near Madison, Alabama, some time around 1930. The McCowan plantation is made up of four thousand of the richest acres in Long Gourd Valley and takes its name from that valley. With the clipped beginning sentence, "She opened her eyes," quite as memorable as "Nobody knew the color of the sky," the reader is plunged into the psyche of the eighty-seven-year-old woman who has had summoned to her bedside her grandson, in whom her hopes for the future of her world repose. From the dying unconscious well of her remaining cerebration comes Biblical justification for Kate McCowan's *modus operandi* in life, her very *raison d'être*. She has been Joshua, savior, leader, and preserver of her "people"—plantation personnel as well as family—directing their secure establishment upon the land, the only source of earthly comfort and strength. And now there remains the final task of transmitting this charge, until now the responsibility of this woman long since widowed, bereft of the usual son to assume the mantle, and left only with the grandson, Richard McCowan, the son of a "foolish" mother who seems not to realize that "it takes a heap more than pants to make a man." "He looked a little like his grandpa, but somehow there was something missing...." And yet Miss Kate is filled with pity and love too; for Dick is "mighty young and helpless and ignorant," and this naiveté and colossal unknowing of what the future holds in store for him endears him to her all the more.

Dick has brought with him to see his grandmother die, as she knows full well, his intended bride, Eva Callahan, suggestively named after that archetypal corrupter of man. Lytle's description of Eva as Miss Kate sees her suggests also Rossetti's primordial Lilith:

> Thy spell through him so sent, and left his straight neck bent,
> And round his heart one strangling golden hair.

Mrs. McCowan observes that Eva's "heavy hair crawled about her neck to tangle the poor, foolish boy in its ropes." Even so, she tries to soften the gauche presence of the young couple with her characteristic *esprit*: "There an't nothing strange about dying. But I an't in such an all-fired hurry. I've got a heap to tell you about before I go." Kate's further inquiries into Eva's

origins, her attempts to derive her from the Callahans of the Goosepad community, soon reveal that Eva is a city gal from Birmingham, an upstart industrial town ("I've got a mule older'n Birmingham") and that she is not allied to that which is traditional in Southern life and therefore could not possibly appreciate the real value of the land her prospective husband will inherit or the way of life that subsistence upon it entails. Like Peter Taylor's Miss Leonora, Kate McCowan sees human relationships not in a romantic light, but in terms of dynastic and communal good. Were Dick sensible enough to choose as a wife one of the Carlisle girls, the dowry of land she would bring would give Miss Kate a landing on the river for Long Gourd. The gorgeous Eva will wrinkle up on Dick, but "the only wrinkles land gets can be smoothed out by the harrow."

Miss Kate's dynastic consciousness is further lacerated as she examines Eva's small waist, which is not wholesomely suited to childbearing. But the crushing realization begins to dawn on the old woman that Dick is a romantic; he is not interested in propagating the McCowans on the McCowan plantation; he does not realize that most young women are the same when viewed as objects of husbandly affection and that more practical considerations than mere romanticized personal preference must form the basis for choosing the new chatelaine of Long Gourd. Nor does Eva comport with Mrs. McCowan's notion of a proper young lady in allowing Dick to ascertain that she does not wear a corset.

Already too much brainwashed by Eva's modern sense of values and too much an apostate from the traditional sense of "family" and paternal responsibility to even its remoter, dead, and unborn members, Dick indicates to this grandmother that the inheritors of her plantation will not continue to care for poor old "tetched" cousin George, who, in the fashion of Uncle Toby, rehearses his Confederate cavalry charges out in the yard at night. Rather, they will hire a professional keeper for him while they live mostly in town. So it is with greater intensity that Mrs. McCowan realizes that she must do something about Long Gourd, about Eva, that the slut must not eat it up. But she is as ineffectual as the mother in Donald Davidson's "Randall, My Son" (the source of my epigraph), who unwillingly surren-

ders to the realities of the intrusion of the new order upon her private world and the world of the South as both are symbolized by her son's failure to cherish and cultivate his inherited land. "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho" (at this level) and "Randall, My Son" are both emblems of the failure of the traditional values of the old South and serve as measures of the new South. Katharine McCowan takes a giant stride toward the burial ground when she realizes that there will not always be a Long Gourd nor always a McCowan on it. Katharine McCowan, with her failing consciousness, embodies the falling order of Southern culture: in a sense, she *is* the South.

Apart from her symbolic value and the excellent technique used to present her point of view, Kate is a remarkable personality in her own right. She is one of the dominating, wise old women who people the pages of Southern fiction over and over again in Taylor, Welty, Porter, Lytle (in other stories such as "Mister McGregor" and "Old Scratch in the Valley"), and especially in Faulkner's women whose rule of life is illustrated in his fiction with amplitude:

> I think that as fine an influence as any young man can have is one reasonable old woman to listen to... because they are much more sensible than men, they have to be. They have held families together and it's because of families a race is continued.
>
> (*Faulkner at Nagano*, p. 70)

These women are literally drawn from the life of the South.

As random experiences from the broad panorama of her life surface in her dying mind, the personality and outstanding qualities of Miss Kate in all her strength and weakness become clear. A kindly, genuine, loving concern for people in all stations of life and in all relations to her in her world has enabled this remarkable woman to build and maintain the miracle of Long Gourd. To Negro slaves in her youth and to Negro servants in her adult years she is firm but protective and loving: "You, Ants, where's my stick? I'm a great mind to break it over your trifling back." And her private bedside conference with Dick must be well lighted:

> Throw open them blinds, Ants.
>
> .....
>
> You don't have to close the door so all-fired soft. Close it natural-

ly. And you can tip about all you want to later. I won't be hurried to the burying ground. And keep your head away from that door. What I've got to say to your new master is private.

She knows that Ants is an eavesdropper, but she loves him just the same. The affection is reciprocated: "Listen at you, mistiss." And her dynastic care of the people on the Long Gourd is amusingly and painfully illustrated in her apprehension of the Snopesian bushwhackers (in better days barn-burners) who menace and try to tamper with her Negroes. There is the youthful affection for her husband, Malcolm, so long ago and before so much trouble came; her compassion and love for her poor brother Jack with his cleft palate and propensity to drink, cut in two by a chain shot when Breckinridge charged at Murfreesboro; her dying concern for Cousin George—all evidences of the strands of love and softness twisted with the steel. Old Mrs. Penter Matchem thought a whip could do anything. Kate knows it cannot.

Miss Kate's fine sense of humor, a saving grace for a strong woman of any sort, is evident in her relations with Ants; in her knowing herself really to be an old hag, not the beautiful lady that her grandson Dick is calling as he sits on the edge of her bed; in her comical proof of the dangers of small waists, instanced to Dick to sour him on Eva, from the histories of the daughters of old Mrs. Penter Matchem (herself provocatively named)—the one dying from affected bowels so tight was her lacing, the other being childless for the same reason; in her final comment to Dick about Eva, "I suppose the safest place for a man to take his folly is to bed"; and finally in the last touch of grim irony as she lies dying, contemplating her sins: "She'd be damned if she would go until she was ready to go. She'd be damned all right, and she smiled at the meaning the word took on now."

Katharine McCowan is every inch a king:

> The boy leaned over and touched her gently. "Not even death would dispute you here, on Long Gourd, Mammy."

But the suffering and struggle and tribulation have earned her authority with a corresponding hardness, as Dick learns when he suggests that no respectable woman asks a young gentleman how he knows that his affianced wears no corset: "I'm not a

respectable woman. No woman can be respectable and run four thousand acres of land." And the confrontation years earlier with the bushwhackers: "You'd shoot a woman quicker because she has the name of being frail. Well, I'm not frail, and my Navy Six ain't frail." Tempering this authoritarian, almost unattractive though comical, unfeminine hardness is a practical and sweet reasonablesness: "Everybody has a time to die, and I'll have no maudlin nonsense about mine."

Yet these details do not round out the image. There is finally in Mrs. McCowan's nature a redeeming frailty of conscience, a sense of guilt for the one damning error of her life. There were times when the enormous ancestral bed was "not wide enough for her nor long enough when her conscience scorched the cool wrinkles in the sheets." The charming naiveté and vast ignorance of life in the young grandson is a "quenching drink to a sin-thirsty old woman." But the torturing ambiguity inherent in that one thing she had done, enlarging Long Gourd by paying the taxes on the land of a dead neighbor (possibly a kinsman) whose pusillanimous son-in-law could not even muster the tax money for his own farm in Madison, much less for that of his wife's dowry—that ambiguity never really leaves her alone. Mrs. McCowan had promised Iva Louise's father that his land, the sacramental value of which he realized as fully as Mrs. McCowan did, would not be squandered; and under Mrs. McCowan's management it had not been. Perhaps she did the right thing for the wrong reason—perhaps followed an innate acquisitiveness and thus compromised means to a nobler end, the sacramental preservation of land. And after so doing, after assuming an essentially masculine and aggressive role in this act, her tenderer feminine conscience presses her down with the dubiety of her deed. Kate McCowan's personality is a combination of human weaknesses and very great strengths; it is dominant and intense, and admirable for its courage.

The consummate style of "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho" is manifest in a variety of qualities; the assured, natural, easy narrative flow of language, the sure ear for cadences of speech and Southern patois. It is remarkably expressed in seven agrarian similes which not only adorn the story but thematically link the character of Kate McCowan to its action. The narrative begins

as Miss Kate awakens from a sleep that seems unusually long to her, having pulled her floating psyche, as it were, under the covers: "And now she was resting, clear-headed and quiet, her thoughts clicking like a new-greased mower." The menaces of Eva to Dick and to Long Gourd Miss Kate forcibly communicates to her grandson: "You won't be free much longer—the way she looks at you like a hungry hound." As Dick goes out, "She watched the door close quietly on his neat square back. Her head whirled and turned like a flying jennet." And after comes the rigorous remembrance of the one thing she did. "Suddenly, like the popping of a thread in a loom, the struggles of the flesh stopped, and the years backed up and covered her thoughts like the spring freshet she had seen so many times creep over the dark soil." Finally at the end, "How exquisite the sound, like a bell swinging without ringing. Suddenly it came to her. She was dying.... Her will left her. Life withdrawing gathered like a frosty dew on her skin."

The most skillful technical and stylistic ingredient of "Jericho" is the portrayal of the hastening of death and of Miss Kate's physical and psychical extinction with its train of disordered thought patterns and progressive dredging up of experience from an earlier and earlier past. Emerging from her long and deep sleep at the beginning of the story, her consciousness almost poetically chanting, "forever she had floated above the counterpane; between the tester and the counterpane she had floated... her eyes, as apart from her as the mirror on the bureau, rested upon the half tester...." Dick's presence (he is now twenty-six years of age) conjures the fond recollection of a boy:

> Whom she had diapered a hundred times and had washed as he stood before the fire in the round tin tub, his little back swayed and his little belly sticking out in front, rosy from the scrubbing he had gotten. *Mammy, what for I've got a hole in my stummick; what for, Mammy?*

But a part of Miss Kate's mind is still working very efficiently with the current problems of Long Gourd, the solutions merely being deferred until she may rise from her sickbed. Ants has to be shooed out and told not to eavesdrop, but momentarily he must be stopped:

No, wait. I had something else on my mind—what is it? Yes, how many hens has Melissy set? You don't know. Find out. A few of the old hens ought to be setting. Tell her to be careful to turn the turkey eggs every day. No, you bring them and set them under my bed. I'll make sure. We got a mighty pore hatch last year.

Backward and forward in time her mind moves, with a sharpening intensity of sensory experiences, odors, sights, sounds, textures:

Sweeping over the mounds of her body rising beneath the quilts came the old familiar odors—the damp, strong, penetrating smell of new-turned ground; the rank, clinging, resistless odor of green-picked feathers stuffed in a pillow by Guinea Nell, thirty-odd years ago; tobacco on the mantel, clean and sharp like smelling salts; her father's sweat, sweet like stale oil; the powerful ammonia of manure turned over in a stall; curing hay in the wind; the polecat's stink on the night air, almost pleasant, a sort of commingled scent of all the animals, man and beast; the dry smell of dust under a rug; the over-strong scent of too-sweet fruit trees blooming; the inhospitable wet ashes of a dead fire in a poor white's cabin; black Rebecca in the kitchen; a wet hound steaming before a fire. There were other odors she could not identify, overwhelming her, making her weak, taking her body and drawing out of it a choking longing to hover over all that she must leave, the animals, the fences, the crops growing in the fields, the houses, the people in them....

The clarity of past experiences engulfs Miss Kate painfully and sweetly:

Brother Jack stood before her, handsome and shy, but ruined from his cradle by a cleft palate, until he came to live only in the fire of spirits. And she understood, so clear was life down to the smallest things. She had often heard tell of this clarity that took a body whose time was spending on the earth.

But the news of Jack's death had come; she had sat up all that night, and "she had seen that night as if she had been on the field, the parties moving over the dark field hunting the wounded and dead... all the white relief parties, moving, blots of night, sullenly moving in the viscous blackness." And now death was coming for her, hunting her down:

There was some mistake, some cruel blunder; for there now, tipping about the carpet, hunting in her wardrobe, under the bed, blowing down the fire to its ashes until they glowed in their dryness, stalked the burial parties.

Then the thought comes that first she must do something about Long Gourd. Or was it too late? Lytle concludes the story with the final death-throe, which echoes but in no way yields to Granny Weatherall's bumping, knocking cart and blue pinpoint of light:

> There was a roaring; the wind blew through her head once, and a great cotton field bent before it, growing and spreading, the bolls swelling as big cotton sacks and bursting white as thunderheads. From a distance, out of the far end of the field, under a sky so blue that it was painful-bright, voices came singing, *Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho—Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, and the walls come a-tumbling down.*

The ironic reversal of the Biblical prototype of this story is thus completed in its conclusion; for just as Kate McCowan is in life a Joshua establishing and perpetuating his people on chosen and hallowed ground, so in death is she defeated and metamorphosed into Jericho, the object of Joshua's destruction. The final irony comes in the voice of defeat and destruction from the unwitting Negro field hands singing from a happier and more vigorous and hopeful past in the life of her native South, and in her own life, singing of the final reality. Indeed, "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho" is a story of death: a recognition, a mourning, and a tribute.

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Toward A Total Reading Of Fiction: The Essays Of Andrew Lytle

ONE MIGHT ARGUE that the purpose of reading is to understand what someone has written. This, I take it, is the underlying assumption of E. D. Hirsch, Jr.'s book, *Validity in Interpretation,* which assures us that such understanding, though difficult, is possible, and reminds us that comprehension of the author's meaning is the foundation upon which is built whatever analytical and critical exercises we may wish to perform. Meaning, for Hirsch, is a conceptual content determined by the verbal signs of the text, construed within the context of the author's intention and the contingencies of the linguistic and cultural environment.

Andrew Lytle would have no complaints, I think, about Hirsch's rigorous definition of meaning, though his approach to the problem is by no means similar. Lytle has, in fact, suggested a method whereby in reading fiction which delivers the direct impression of life the reader might "read, not read *into* a book his own preconceptions and preoccupations" (p. 186).[1] This method involves the location of what Lytle calls the "Controlling Image." The term is vague and perhaps slightly inaccurate, since the phenomenon referred to is not always an image, in the sense of picture. But its very vagueness makes it functional and its irrefrangibility deliberately designed to protect the critical reader from reducing a book or story to its theme or idea, "which is to say to an abstraction" (p. 195).

The Controlling Image is on the order of a Platonic ideal in relation to the real text. It exists independently of the particular work of fiction it controls and never actually appears in the action *per se,* but will "always have its literal or natural counterpart" (p. 185). This Image may be an "historic image of the

[1] All page references are to the collection of essays by Andrew Lytle entitled *The Hero with the Private Parts* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1966).

whole" (pp. 8-11, 155-6), that is, an historical moment or context, such as "the dramatic plight, the dichotomy, in which Russia found herself after the arbitrary Europeanization by Peter the Great" (p. 12). This Image, says Lytle, is the Controlling Image of *War and Peace*. Or, the Image may be a symbolic representation of an archetypal or mythic process or psychic experience, such as Incest, the alchemical conjunction of opposites, which Lytle says is the Controlling Image for his own *The Velvet Horn*. It apparently may be a concept, mood, voice, situation, or condition.

According to Lytle, this Image is used as a device for the writer to hold his work together, to give it unity and a fusion of levels and complexities. He holds it, as it were, consciously in the top part of his head as he confronts "the mystery of the imagination" (p. 197) as a guiding principle to assure that he does not get lost in the labyrinth of his own making. When properly found and defined, this Image contains "at once the essence of the subject and its form" (p. 12). It carries "the burden of meaning" and contains it (p. 11).

This image is what most people would want to call the theme. Lytle, however, does not want us to say *War and Peace* is *about* the dramatic plight in which Russia found herself, et cetera; for fiction, he insists, is not *about* anything: it *is* an imitation in words of men and women acting, created to give the illusion of autonomous life. It is not a treatise on Russian history or alchemical symbolism. Fiction is a verbal imitation of human experience. But in order to comprehend that human experience as imitated by the author, it is necessary to place it, to find the thread that makes of the parts a whole. The Controlling Image is whatever does this, whatever can be seen as the final cause for the presence of any particular detail. Plot, I take it, is the most traditional Controlling Image. Lytle is demanding enough to insist that if there is not such a unity in an action rendered by words formally ordered, then that piece of writing is flawed by just that much. In a story controlled by its plot, anything that does not contribute to the development or denouement of that plot is out of place, a flaw in the art.

For impressionistic fiction, or fiction that renders from a point of view the direct impression of life, the demands are even

more stringent. Here, ideally, nothing is inert, and every word forwards the action. To locate a Controlling Image that will account for every word is perhaps impossible, though Flaubert claimed that his work had that kind of unity. It is possible, however, through trial and error (and intuition), to arrive at an Image that will work, that will allow the reader to enter the text at any particular moment and view the action there in the light of the whole. The Controlling Image is a device, what Hirsch would call a heuristic tool and Lytle a "guide to meaning." It is an image of the whole which allows the reader to manage the book, to keep it, as Percy Lubbock complained novels were always doing, from slipping between his fingers.

Once this Image is defined, the meaning of any detail becomes strikingly clear, and the reader is able to understand intrinsic relationships and to judge effectiveness in a way impossible without such a grasp on the whole. Once grasped it allows the reader to stop worrying, or wondering, what this is *about* and allows him to participate in the pleasure of recreation, for now he is free to see *how* the book is put together, *how* the artist worked to render the action, *how* the various parts are structured and related, and what dynamics of artistic tension flow back and forth between the parts. For, according to Lytle, "the meaning in fiction should always be received actively, in the structural relationships between the parts" (p. 195). This kind of meaning is obviously other than that communicated conceptually by the verbal signs of the text, yet it is no less intended by the author or controlled by his text.

What are these "parts" that generate meaning through the way they relate? There are not as many as we might expect. There is the action, which is just that, and one of the things we watch is how it proceeds, whether through the steady advance of some conflict, or by juxtaposition and accumulation. This action is really two actions, or, rather, it exists on two levels simultaneously, the enveloping and the surface. "The enveloping action is that universal quality, some constant, forever true aspect of experience; the action proper its concrete showing; or the action proper may be the very obverse and so show it by contradiction or contrast" (p. 197). Actually Lytle's language is somewhat misleading here. The enveloping action is more the

general, situational complex prevailing at the time of the concrete showing (or lack of it) in the action proper. In a story that takes place during the Civil War the enveloping action will be the war, while its action proper will either be a concrete showing of some human experience of that war or of a moment of peace set against that dynamic background.

The words "universal" and "forever true" refer more accurately to the meaning of the action on its "symbolic" level, for "whenever an action eschews the partial or topical, it is always symbolic, that is archetypal" (p. 186). This means that it will as a whole mean beyond itself, and thus "be symbolic of the archetypal experience" (p. 185). So the action functions or exists on three levels, at least, and the reception of the dynamic relationship between these levels is a part of the meaning of fiction.

"The action has two main parts: the pictorial or panoramic summary and the scene. That's all it is, reduced to its basic structural components and controlled by a point of view" (p. 197).

That's all there is, but the relationships between these things are extremely complex. For example, a scene that is rendered or controlled through a point of view is not like a scene in a play. A restricted point of view yields an impressionistic scene, where nothing is inert, for every object "tells" by its very presence. The summary, which prepares for the scene, occurs when the point of view goes into the mind receiving the action, either to the level of generalized statement or further in to the lower levels of the mind in revery and stream of consciousness. The summary is obviously what distinguishes fiction from drama, and it constitutes the internal component of the action, within and even below consciousness. In moving between these two levels of consciousness (mind closed: scene; mind open: summary) the tensions are evoked between the action, or the moving present of the action in time, and the timeless contents of the inner mind, where past and present and future are, at least by convention, equally accessible and affective. How these two areas of knowledge relate and interact is what we look for.

The point of view is perhaps the most crucial of all modern fiction's technical resources. Choice of one, implies Lytle, is the

most important decision the writer has to make, and its control is vital to any of fiction's proper effects. I said earlier that it was by moving the point of view that scene and summary occur. This does not mean a change of point of view. Nor does moving the point of view from person to person necessarily mean that it has been changed. The common understanding of point of view is quite inadequate for telling us anything about the way fiction works. To say this is "first person" point of view, or "third person effaced," et cetera, says nothing. The point of view is the artificial presence of the author, an assumed stance or complex of attitudes taken to achieve aesthetic distance. The question is then what is *his* point of view, not what is *the* point of view. There are really only two points of view: omniscient and restricted. In the first, the author takes all possible knowledge (related to the action) as his attitude, his stance; in the latter, the author restricts himself to some area of knowledge, usually that available to one of the characters in the action, but by no means necessarily so. We place the restricted point of view in a "Central Intelligence," and this central intelligence may use the first person for narration (traditionally the most limited or restricted range of vision) or the third person: it is still the central intelligence or restricted point of view.

The point of view is the origin of the verbal artifice, the source point in the texture of the work. The effacement of the personal author is simply a technique to allow fiction the illusion of autonomous life: a life free from the arbitrary intrusion of an authorial voice or presence, a life that imitates life in its naturalness, yet is artificial, artful.

I said earlier that it was not necessary that the point of view remain with one character in the action. Lytle describes what he calls the "roving point of view," in which the central intelligence "is placed now with one person, now with another, with the author above or looking over the shoulder." This, he says, does not constitute a violation of point of view, but is a structure of "segmented cones depending from an intense point or core" (p. 121). This is the kind of observation involved in a critical recreation of a work of fiction: locating the point of view, then watching how it controls the action's movement through scene and summary and how it is used by the author to

create his effects.

I have suggested a few areas in which meaning resides which cannot properly be called conceptual meaning and which has nothing to do, in the Hirschian sense, with the willed meaning of verbal signs. I suppose these could be called structural meanings. I would like to talk now about another non-conceptual component of meaning, which I would call the affective or experiential component. In fact, of course, the conceptual, structural, and affective components of meaning are not distinguishable: just as color is imperceptible without extension, we could not entertain concepts without their being structured and without experience, without being affected by them. Accordingly affective and structural meanings exist in philosophic forms as well as in literary ones. The distinction I am suggesting is that in literary forms the affective component of meaning is as deliberately controlled and intended as is the conceptual component, *if not more so.* (The structural meaning can be viewed as the means to the affectual meaning. This, I take it, is the reason literature was studied under the category of Rhetoric in the medieval trivium.) I am not referring to the common distinction between denotative and connotative meanings: these merge in literature to form a meaning which, though not strictly one or the other, is still conceptual. I am referring to the way in which this conceptual meaning affects the reader.

That there is such a component to literary meaning can be readily demonstrated. Assume for a moment that there exists an interpretation of *King Lear* that is perfectly accurate. This interpretation then means the same thing that *King Lear* means. But obviously my experience of that meaning is totally different in Shakespeare and in his perfect interpreter. This difference is the affective meaning. (That no such interpretation is possible will serve to enforce my point.)

What I am talking about is the result of what is usually called art, or perhaps rhetoric, if by rhetoric we mean simply the art of affecting. I could, therefore, refer to this aspect of meaning as rhetorical meaning, but I prefer to use more visceral terms, such as affective, experiential, motive. In any case, it is this component of meaning that we read literature for when we desire more than a conceptual (I could say "intellectual" as it is

commonly understood) experience, when we desire the aesthetic or literary experience.

If my hypothetical example offered above has confirmed our common-sense perception of affective content, it does not necessarily follow that I can define or demonstrate with equal facility the particular affective content in any given work of literature. In this I am not alone. Hirsch has admirably demonstrated the difficulty of determining the exact conceptual meaning of any willed type, while holding fast to the absolute belief that such a meaning exists. He has bravely rescued meaning from the meaninglessness of utter relativity and solipsism, but not without quite a fight. I too believe in the objective existence of affective meaning, determined by the author's will, and in its shareability; but in offering a convincing argument to that effect, I am at somewhat of a disadvantage. Hirsch has at his disposal the well-honed tools of logic and a well-established tradition of meaning determination, which partakes of the various disciplines of philosophy, phenomenology, philology, and hermeneutics. I, on the other hand, am aware of no tradition in the West which addresses much attention to what literature does to us and how, excepting Aristotle's cryptic remark on catharsis and the speculations it has produced, and a few scattered literary figures, usually the artists themselves. The traditional schools of rhetoric might be of assistance here, at least in method, but their concern was with moving to action, which is the domain of politics and not literature. This area of literary content seems to be the hardest to talk about and the most private. It has even escaped the cold eye of empirical psychology, for as yet I know of no laboratory experiments, replete with electrodes and oscilloscopes, designed to measure the imaginative experience.

But, if we are to pay any attention to our artists, from Dante to Andrew Lytle, the highest and most complete aspect of meaning in a work of literature lies in this motive experience, this affective content. This is not to deny the desirability of understanding conceptually the willed meaning of the author. It is simply suggesting that willed meaning is broader than the meaning content of verbal signs. [2]

[2] I hope I am in no way conflicting with Hirsch's position, but merely shifting it into another area of literary experience. It is conceivable that

The totality of meaning lies in an active experience of the imagination: "the reader must be moved affectively, so that his insight will comprise the fullest meaning which lies before him" (p. 195). If this is to happen, then the overwhelming concern of the author is to create the illusion of life, since "anything which diverts the attention from a scene, which destroys the illusion of action, is a fictive flaw, for it makes the reader aware that he is reading" (p. 117). But the mere illusion of life, remarkable as that is, and though it may produce admiration for the skill of the author, will not affectively move the reader: he must actively participate in the imaginative experience provided by the text. His way into this experience is through the point of view, which is the point of focus for all that occurs, where insight and sight are fused, and the "shock of recognition" occurs, and meaning is revealed. For this reason the point of view must be firmly established and consistently held to, since "any violation [moving from it to argue, say] of viewpoint or drifting of it causes confusion in the reader's knowledge and sympathy" (p. 51).

Ultimately it is "the sympathy between the reader . . . and the protagonist [which] involves the reader and lifts him from the accidents of life into some phase and understanding of the essence of things" (p. 61). Therefore, the point of view must be placed close enough to the hero's inward plight to arouse this sympathy and controlled to hold it. When this is done, affective meaning is communicated.

To illustrate this experience, I will quote from Lytle's dis-

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all the kinds of meaning I am discussing here are implied in Hirsch's "meaning." His language, however, suggests a primary concern with conceptual meaning. I can see at present only one area of possible conflict in our investigations. Whereas Hirsch says that understanding a text (conceptually) is necessary before any other critical activities can proceed, such as judgment, I suggest that because in literary texts the affective content is so high it is possible to make a judgment, intuitively, as it were, *before* we understand what we are judging. This sounds like a facetious paradox, but there are 'authorities' to whom I could appeal. Instead, I will refer to common experience (as Hirsch does to common sense). We have all read poems which we 'knew' to be bad before we could understand them. The prejudgment was based on the affective content, i.e., the poem did not affect us properly. The principle operates analogously in human relations: it is not only possible, but necessary to love or hate someone before we know him, since it is quite likely that we will never get to know him in the conceptual sense. We do know him affectively, however; we know how he affects us, and we respond accordingly.

cussion of Faulkner in the essay "The Son of Man: He Will Prevail":

> The shock of meaning in terms of mystery he handled superbly well in *The Bear*. The concrete footprint disappearing before the boy's eyes made present the invisible bear, evoking the awe of the immortal in the mortal beast. The print of the foot vanishing in the swamp's water, two objects acting together in one image, is one of the finest examples in fiction of Flaubert's law that an object exists because it stands in relationship to another object or objects. There is none of James's weak specification here, nor in that other instance when the bear, again invisible, looks at the boy out of the forest's screen. How does he do it here? [Without violating the point of view?] By having the bird suddenly grow silent. The sudden cessation of sound produces the silence because it affects the boy. [And consequently the reader.] The very fact that it is a bird which in no way can be harmed by the bear makes the ominous quality of the danger immediate. In the first episode sight and touch are used; in the second sight and sound, sound against silence, sight complicated because it is blind. It is sight which doesn't see opposed to the seeing bear, itself unseen, that gives the shock of awe and terror. All of these specifications are made by the boy's mind out of the legend of the bear's immortality, fixed in a crooked paw, which the author has carefully established (pp. 117-18).

As Lytle observes, the grounds of attention the artist can ask for are precarious indeed: "A child falling down the stairs and screaming bloody murder will bring a mother from the very death of Hamlet" (p. 194). But the serious reader who reads for the totality of meaning (and I know of no finer examples of such reading than Lytle's essays) will make every effort to receive what the serious artist has to give. And this is no mean gift. For Lytle affirms what artists have ever affirmed, that "a total reading of fiction as fiction . . . lifts the reader out of the accidents and mechanics of living and, momentarily at least, elevates the imagination to the intensity of vision" (p. 20).

NOEL POLK
University of Texas at Arlington

Andrew Nelson Lytle: A Bibliography Of His Writings

During the months that I have worked on this bibliography, I have incurred many debts to many people. Three in particular must be singled out at the top of such a list. Mr. Lytle himself has patiently answered my inquiries, has lent me books and papers from his own library, and has given me special permission to examine his personal papers, now on restricted deposit at Vanderbilt. I am especially grateful to him for allowing me to quote the lengthy letters concerning *At the Moon's Inn* and *The Long Night*. Professor James B. Meriwether has been a constant source of sound bibliographical knowledge and good advice. And my wife Patty has patiently spent many evenings, taking time from her own work, to help me collate the various texts. To these three I am deeply grateful.

A special brand of gratitude must go to Mrs. Mary E. Goolsby, Head of Inter-library Loan Services, McKissick Library, University of South Carolina, and to Miss Lois Stewart, of the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, Indiana. Both of these ladies have patiently endured undue harrasment from me.

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The Reference Departments of the following University libraries have come to my aid: University of Georgia; Harvard University; University of Kentucky; University of North Carolina; University of Tennessee; University of Virginia.

Finally, I would especially like to thank George Ellison for the use of his eyes, and for the benefit of his advice, in the final stages of proofreading.

A
BOOKS

[The tables of variants in Section A are the product of only one careful machine- or sight-collation of each exemplar, so the total number of variants is probably low. Except in the case of *Bedford Forrest,* the English publication of which was a reprinting from American plates, I have concerned myself with the transmission of the texts only as they appear in American publications.]

1. BEDFORD FORREST — 1931

First American Issue

[Title page enclosed in four concentric vertical rectangles] BEDFORD FORREST | *And His Critter Company* | BY ANDREW NELSON LYTLE | [Publisher's device] | ILLUSTRATED | MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY | NEW YORK 1931

Collation: $[1]^{6}$ [2 - 25]^{8} $[26]^{10}$

Pagination: [one blank unnumbered leaf]; [i] half-title; [ii] blank; [iii] title, as above; [iv] Copyright page, as below; [v] dedication, as below; [vi] blank; vii-viii contents; ix list of illustrations and maps; [x] blank; [1] - 390 text; [391] - 402 bibliographical note, bibliography, and index; [403 - 404] blank.

[iv]: Copyright, 1931, by | ANDREW NELSON LYTLE | All rights reserved. This book, or parts thereof, must | not be reproduced in any form without permission. | *Printed in the United States of America by* | THE KNICKERBOCKER PRESS, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

[v]: TO MY GRANDMOTHER | MOLLY GREAVES NELSON | who has heard on the hard turn-pike | the sudden beat of

his horses' hoofs | and the wild yell of his riders.

Binding: Black cloth. Title is printed on paper which has been pasted on to front and spine. Front paper 4 1/2" X 4 1/2": across bottom, riders on horses, printed in red; imposed over and longer than riders in red, up the left side, in black, horse and rider. Then, across the top and down the right side, in semi-script: Bedford Forrest | [in red] and | His Critter Company | by | Andrew | Nelson | Lytle |
Spine paper 1 7/16" X 2 13/16": Bedford | Forrest | [in red, a shadow bust of Forrest] | Lytle | [Publisher's device] | [wavy rule] | A *Minton Balch* | BOOK
Paper: 9 5/16" X 6 1/4" X 1 1/8". Top edges stained Maroon, bottom and outside edges rough-trimmed.

Second American Issue, First Printing

BEDFORD FORREST | *and His Critter Company* | BY ANDREW NELSON LYTLE | [Minton Balch device] | A *Minton Balch* | BOOK | ILLUSTRATED | G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS | NEW YORK
Collation: $[1 - 26]^8$
Binding: Paper 9 3/8" X 6 1/4" X 1 3/16".

Second American Issue, Second Printing

Binding: paper 8 1/2" X 5 3/4" X 1 3/16". Top edges stained very light gray, outside and bottom edges untrimmed.

English Issue, First Printing

BEDFORD FORREST | BY ANDREW NELSON LYTLE | ILLUSTRATED | LONDON | EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE | 1938
Collation: $[1]^{6+2}$ $[2]^6$ $[3 - 26]^8$
Pagination: Identical to American issues.
Binding: Green cloth, stamped in gold, on spine: BEDFORD | FORREST | *ANDREW* | *LYTLE* | EYRE AND | SPOTTISWOODE

Paper 9 1/4" X 6 1/8" X 1 1/8", unstained, trimmed smooth.

English Issue, Second Printing

BEDFORD FORREST | BY ANDREW NELSON LYTLE | *Author of* | *"THE LONG NIGHT"* | LONDON | EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE | 1939

Collation: $[1]^{8+1}$ [2 - 26] ^{8}

Pagination: [1 unnumbered leaf]; [i] half-title; [ii] quotations from English reviews of *The Long Night*; [iii] title, as above; [iv] copyright, as below; [v] dedication, as below; [vi] blank; vii - viii foreword by B. H. Liddell Hart; ix - x table of contents; xi lists of illustrations and maps; [xii] blank; [1] - 390 text; [391] - 396 bibliographical note and bibliography; 397 - 402 index; [403 - 404] blank.

[iv]: *Printed in Great Britain for* | *EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (PUBLISHERS) LTD.*

[iii]: TO MY GRANDMOTHER | MOLLY GREAVES NELSON | who has heard on the hard turn-pike | the sudden beat of his horses' hoofs | and the wild yell of his riders.

Second American Issue, Third Printing

Identical to Second printing of this issue, except in the following particulars:

Copyright page has notation "Fourth Impression".

Paper 8 1/2" X 5 3/4" X 1", unstained, outside edges untrimmed.

All plates, except frontispiece, removed.

List of illustrations on p. ix removed.

Third American Issue

Bedford Forrest | AND HIS CRITTER COMPANY | *by* | *Andrew Lytle* | REVISED EDITION | WITH AN INTRODUCTION | BY THE AUTHOR | [Publisher's device] | McDOWELL, OBOLENSKY | NEW YORK

Collation: $[1 - 11]^{16}$ $[12]^{4}$ $[13 - 14]^{16}$

Pagination: [1 unnumbered leaf]; [i] half-title; [ii] list of

other works by Lytle, as below; [iii] title; [iv] copyright, as below; [v] dedication, as below; [vi] blank; vii - viii table of contents; [ix] lists of illustrations and maps; [x] blank; xi - xvii Author's introduction; [xviii] blank; [1] - 390 text; [391] - 396 bibliographical note and bibliography; 397 - 402 index; 403 biographical sketch of author; [404] blank.

[ii]: *By the same author* | THE LONG NIGHT | AT THE MOON'S INN | A NAME FOR EVIL | THE VELVET HORN | A NOVEL, A NOVELLA AND FOUR STORIES

[iv]: Copyright 1931, 1958 by Andrew Nelson Lytle | (c) 1960 by Andrew Lytle | All rights reserved under Pan-American and |International Copyright Conventions. Published | in New Yerk by McDowell, Obolensky Inc., | and in the Dominion of Canada by George J. | McLeod Limited, Toronto. | *Printed in the United States of America*

[v]: TO MY GRANDMOTHER | MOLLY GREAVES NELSON | who heard on the hard turnpike | the sudden beat of his horses' hoofs | and the wild yell of his riders

Binding: Reddish-gray cloth, stamped on spine: [in silver] LYTLE | [in red] *Bedford* | *Forrest* | AND HIS | CRITTER | COMPANY | [silver outline of 5-point star] | [publisher's device in red] | [in silver] MCDOWELL | OBOLENSKY

Paper 1 1/8" X 9 3/16" X 6 1/8", trimmed smooth, top edges stained gray.

MANUSCRIPT

At Vanderbilt,[1] there are literally hundreds of typescript

[1] Mr. Lytle's personal archive is now on deposit in the Joint University Libraries, Nashville, Tennessee (cf. the introductory remarks to Section D of this bibliography for a general description). References to material in this archive will be noted simply "Vanderbilt".

and manuscript pages of notes, and working drafts of several chapters, in two or three versions. These pages are very rough and are in no order whatsoever.

TEXTUAL HISTORY

The following table lists all variants from the text's first publication. The first reading given is that of the First American Issue, and later readings are represented as follows: the four American printings from the same plates subsequent to the first issue, respectively, by Roman numerals II-V; the two English printings by 1E and 2E. The front matter in 2E was reset and re-styled, with, however, no changes, so I am not including this particular "variant" in this table.

[ix] [list of illustrations, followed by list of maps]] [IV list of maps only]
[ix].4 36] V 44
[ix].5 96] V 108
[ix].6 194] V 204
[ix].7 GARRISON [. . .] 292] II, III, 1E, 2E GRIERSON [. . .] 300
[ix].8 A GROUP OF CONFEDERATE CAVALRY IN THE WEST. . . 360] V [omits line and plate]
[V adds author's introduction. pp. xi-xvii]
18.1 adolescence] V convalescence
20.15 On] V One
33.15-16 shirt. [¶]] V shirt. The
33.22 "Against] V [line 21] There was other propaganda, such as, "Against
32.33 Breckinridge] V Breckenridge
54.27-29 regiment. After sixty-five long and turbulent years those of his soldiers who are left, when they speak of him, and that is often, always describe] V regiment. Even after many decades, those few of his soldiers who were then left, whenever they spoke of him, and that was often, always described
67.31 Henson] V Hanson
86.31 Ths] V This
91.13 to so] V to do so
91.15-16 he put the command, in the early afternoon, in] V early in the afternoon he put the command in
106.14 out] V our
115.38 December 19] V December 10
153.16 Saunder's] II, III, 1E, 2E, IV, V Saunders's
356.33 twenty nigger] "twenty nigger"
371.29 Ferry with an $\overline{X}$.] II, III, 1E, 2E, V Ferry with an X.

This title was published 29 May 1931 by Minton Balch, a division of G. P. Putnam's Sons, in a printing of 3,000 copies,[2] at $5.00.[3] Three more printings were issued during the next sixteen years, under the Putnam aegis: 4,000 copies in September 1935, 1,000 in June 1938, and 1,500 in April 1947.[2] I have

[2] Letter, Walter J. Minton, President, G. P. Putnam's Sons, to Noel Polk, 10 July 1969.
[3] *Publisher's Weekly*, 119 (6 June 1931), 2729.

been unable to determine either the date of publication or the size of the McDowell, Obolensky issue.

Eyre & Spottiswoode's records, many of which were destroyed during World War II, do not acknowledge the 1938 printing, but show one printing, of an undetermined size, published on 3 February 1939, of which 56 were burned and 225 remaindered on 31 January 1950.[4] The English issue was apparently bound American sheets, with, in the 1939 text, re-set front matter.[5]

2. THE LONG NIGHT — 1936

First American Issue, First Printing

[Title page enclosed in three concentric rectangles] [wavy rule] THE [wavy rule] | LONG NIGHT | [rule] | BY ANDREW LYTLE | *To be at ease in the* | *dark. To know what* | *the long night meant.* | *That was the secret* | *of vengeance.* | [engraving of soldier on a horse, by a tree, looking through binoculars] | [rule] | THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY | *PUBLISHERS* | *INDIANAPOLIS NEW YORK*

Collation: [1 - 21]^{8}

Pagination: [1] half-title; [2] blank; [3] title; [4] copyright, as below; [5] dedication, as below; [6] blank; [7-8] letter to Frank Owsley, Esquire; [9] half-title; [10] blank; [11] - 331 text; [332 - 336] blank.

[2]: COPYRIGHT, 1936 | BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY | FIRST EDITION | Printed in the United States of America | PRINTED AND BOUND BY | BRAUNWORTH & CO., INC. | BUILDERS OF BOOKS | BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

[5]: *To My Father* | *and to the Memory of* | *My Mother*

Binding: Light green cloth, stamped in gold, reading, on front: [three words of title slanting upwards,

[4] Letter, Marion Weir of Eyre & Spottiswoode, to Noel Polk, 19 November 1969.

[5] Letter, Marion Weir to Noel Polk, 30 January 1970.

left to right] *THE* | *LONG* | *NIGHT* | [dot] | *ANDREW LYTLE*
On spine: [three words of title slanting upwards, left to right] *THE* | *LONG* | *NIGHT* | [dot] | *LYTLE* | BOBBS | MERRILL
Paper 8" X 5 1/2" X 1 1/8". Top edges stained light yellow-green, outside and bottom edges untrimmed.

First American Issue, Second and Third Printings

I have not been able to distinguish between second and third printings of *The Long Night*. All later printings, however, are identical to the first, with the following exceptions:

Copyright page removes notation "First Edition"
Paper 7 13/16" X 5 1/2" X 1 3/16".

Second American Issue

The Long Night was apparently reprinted by Grossett & Dunlap in their Novels of Distinction Series in 1938, 331 pp. I have not seen a copy.

English Edition, First and Second Printings

Apparently published in England by Eyre & Spottiswoode in 1937, reprinted 1941, 343 pp. I have not seen copies of this edition.

PRE-PUBLICATION MATTER

At Vanderbilt are preserved the following:

Page-proof: [Front matter], 13-15, 17-153, 175-177, 188, 193, 200, 212-248, 252, 254-256, 280, 305-307, 309-310, 312, 319-322.

Galley-proof: 66-108, 110-114.

Both sets differ somewhat from published book. There are numerous editorial queries and comments but no authorial markings.

The Long Night was published the week of 5 September 1936 at $2.50.[1] The first printing was of 5,000 copies, and was ordered by the publisher on 24 July 1936; a second printing of 3,000 copies was ordered on 1 September 1936, followed by a

[1] *Publisher's Weekly*, 130 (5 September 1936), 864.

third printing of 2,500 copies ordered on 13 October 1936.[2] The English edition was published 26 February 1937 at 7s 6d, and a second printing of 5,000 copies was published 28 March 1941.[3] The size of the first printing is not known, but Bobbs-Merrill records indicate that Eyre & Spottiswoode reported on 31 March 1945 a total of 7,501 copies printed and 7,292 sold.[4]

A letter at the Lilly Library from D. L. Chambers, editor and then President of Bobbs-Merrill, to Mr. Lytle, dated 13 December 1935, suggests that both *Revenge for McIver* and *McIver's Revenge* had been proposed as titles. Another, Chambers to Mr. Lytle, reveals that *The Long Night* was decided upon as title some time prior to, but near, 3 June 1936.[5]

The following letters are important documents pertaining not only to the thematic concerns and structural patterns of the novel but also to Mr. Lytle's working methods during the period of composition. The first is to D. L. Chambers, and was written from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, *circa* 16 January 1936. The second, to Jessica Mannon, an editor at Bobbs-Merrill, was written 28 May 1936 from Memphis, Tennessee. Both letters are at the Bobbs-Merrill archive at the Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Except for the silent corrections of a few obvious typing errors, and the deletion of one paragraph, the final one of the second letter, of irrelevant matter, these letters are here reproduced exactly as Mr. Lytle wrote them.

[First Letter]

Dear Laurance:-

I've been working pretty hard, or I should have answered you sooner. I am worried that you should be so disappointed, as I feared you would be. Naturally, I too want to get done as soon as I can so as to get to work on the Calhoun;[6] but I don't want the latter part of the book to be out of scale or inferior to the first part. If I can possibly swing

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[2] Letter, Lois Stewart of Bobbs-Merrill (Rights and Permissions), to Noel Polk, 18 November 1969.

[3] Letter, Marion Weir of Eyre & Spottiswoode to Noel Polk, 19 November 1969.

[4] Letter, Lois Stewart to Noel Polk, 5 December 1969.

[5] Letter, D. L. Chambers to Mr. Lytle, 3 June 1936. This letter is on deposit in the Bobbs-Merrill archive at the Lilly Library of Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Future references to this archive will be simply "Lilly".

[6] Lytle at one time planned a biography of John C. Calhoun similar to his *Bedford Forrest.*

it, I want the thing to be, emotionally and technically, bound by a proper unity. You remember, I was doubtful from the start as to what I could do, as the thing is experimental; but I don't like to waste time doing hasty or illy-conceived work. Everybody, certainly, works better with a deadline in view; otherwise nothing would ever get done; but there are different degrees of pressure. Over a long period of time there are so many things to consider. Regular working hours for me are best. The summer I had ideal working conditions which allowed me to turn out what I have already done over a steady stretch of four months, ten hours a day, excepting Sundays and a few holydays. Since then, the conditions have not been so propitious; but the real trouble is an exhaustion of imagination. When I got to the war, I couldn't face it for nausea. I have worked and thrown away everything I've done. To get what I've got means often twice as much, with the half weeded out and thrown away. You've got to let character and situations grow in your mind, for only when they seem real and relevant to the main plot and mood can you begin to bring anything off; and characters grow slowly in the imagination. And then, as you recognize, this is a difficult thing; its limitations are so great, for once you begin to smell the powder the story is ruined.

I feel refreshed now, and I'm beginning what I hope will be the last long stretch. It depends upon my imagination, whether it will hold out. I am learning how far to push it. If it's grazed too short, it's got to lie fallow until more sprouting.

Now as I see it, there are the following divisions: The first part which will serve as introduction; the second part, the very complete life of one of the conspirators with his death at the end; next, the effect on the community; (you have seen this much); now comes the war, where gradually a most powerful thing wins his feelings and thoughts from his purpose; he puts it away. Then as I've said he takes a wife and has another struggle, to put away the goods of peacetime living. The war section I have planned in pretty fair detail; the wife section only in outline. There will be a short close centered around Searcy's defeat in so far as every man but the man who fired the shot is disposed of. Now both the war and the peacetime sections are more complex than the community section. To bring the book off they should be better and more exciting. Now, you can see that this is at any rate more complicated than the usual novel; and you'll just have to bear with me. I suppose every author thinks his novel is more trouble than every other novel; but every author has his own limitations, and mine are

very definite. I am slow to piece things together, and when the thing is done, I want to let it set and go over it and pull it together.

Now, I don't know how far you believe in this book. But I don't think you ought to plan for it until fall. It's going to take at least a month to pull it together. I can send you a copy as soon as it is done for the purpose of getting your salesmen and plans arranged; then I would like to spend what time there is left before printing pruning it and pulling it together.

I am not following any well-known school of fiction. Naturally I am influenced by the tradition. I am trying to tell a complicated story in the best way I can do. If I have mislead you as to the time of completion, I have also mislead myself. If I were an automaton, I could be more predictable but I would not be able to write fiction.

As I write my thoughts on this matter, I realize that the way the publishing world is set up, you have to know to plan your sales. And I have this in mind as best as I can have it. You will have to consider that I am working as fast as the material will let me.

* * * * *

[Second Letter]

Dear Mrs Mannon:-

You must forgive me, but I should have written you as soon as I sent the manuscript off. I was so exhausted and certain other matters came up demanding three days of close attention. The novel is finished. I found that the original plot, the life-plot, as is so often the case, cannot be held to too literally. The man who can go through a war and then return to vengeance is not the man I actually developed as I went along. I wrote two long chapters, hypnotized by the life-story, and they were terribly anti-climactic. The man I developed has too much sensitivity not to be affected by the tremendous drama of a war, which became the world. In other words vengeance was swallowed up by the war. The death of his friend, caused by the pursuit of vengeance, brought the whole thing home to him. He had already been made aware of the change in his nature by his mother. It was purely an effort of will which made him attempt the return to his old life. So the death of Ellis, coming on top of what had gone before, showed him the futility of his behaviour. The desire for vengeance is gone. He cannot continue it, the death of his friend, which was caused by this vengeance, makes it impossible for him to continue in the world; there is nothing left him but the long night, the retreat from the world and vengeance. His realization of his situation makes him a tragic figure. Hence the closing

line, "where a deserter might hide forever," from the world as well as the army officials.

The introduction was changed, and the motif is no longer that of calling in the next of kin to carry on the pursuit of vengeance; it is the Ancient Mariner situation. Pleasant must tell it to somebody before he dies. He feels he can't tell it to his immediate family, for then he could not remain in Winston, keeping them from the world. And yet the story must be told, but not to a complete outsider; hence the kinsman.

I myself was long hypnotized by the real story. Reread the end in the light of this explanation. It might be necessary to make it a little more explicit at the end, or even in the introduction. But the story I hope I've developed is a better theme than the original. The original was treating with a monster, for only a monster could go through a war and not be affected by it. . . .

3. AT THE MOON'S INN — 1941

[Title is enclosed in decorative frame, printed in dull red; from inside out: thin-line rectangle, thick-line rectangle, rectangle composed of *fleur-de-lis*-like figures with tops pointing outward from center of frame.] AT THE | MOON'S INN | by | *Andrew Lytle* | Author of | *The Long Night* | [10.2 mm rule, printed in dull red] | THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY | *PUBLISHERS* | INDIANAPOLIS NEW YORK

Collation: [1 - 22]^{8} [23]^{12} [24 - 25]^{8}

Pagination: [i - ii] blank; [iii] half-title; [iv] blank; [1] title; [2] copyright, as below; [3] dedication, as below; [4] blank; [5] table of contents; [6] blank; [7]- 400 text; [401 - 404] blank.

[2]: COPYRIGHT, 1941 | THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY | *Printed in the United States* | FIRST EDITION | PRINTED AND BOUND BY THE | COUNTRY LIFE PRESS CORP. | GARDEN CITY, N. Y., U. S. A.

[3]: *To* | GEORGE AND JUSTINE HAIGHT

Binding: Blue-grey cloth, stamped in gold. On front: *At the* | *MOON'S INN* | ANDREW LYTLE On spine: [decorative rule, 6 half-moons, curving toward top

of spine, alternating with 7 dots] | [double rule] | [title and author's name on black background] *At the* | *MOON'S INN* | [dot] | ANDREW | LYTLE | [double rule] | [decorative rule, symmetrical to first] | BOBBS | MERRILL

Paper 8 1/2" X 5 7/8" X 1 3/8", top edges stained light, dull red; outside edges untrimmed. Front and back endpapers tan, imprinted with map of Southeastern United States.

Binding Variant: I have examined two copies of *At the Moon's Inn* which lack the black background, on the spine, against which the title and the author's name are printed. The publisher, however, mentions only one binding order (see discussion below); and a machine collation reveals no textual differences, not even type damage, which might indicate that this variant constitutes a concealed second printing.

English Edition

AT THE MOON'S INN | *by* | *Andrew Lytle* | 1943 | EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE | LONDON

Collation: $[A]^8$ B-I^8 K-X^8

Pagination: [1] half-title; [2] list of other works by author, as below; [3] title; [4] copyright, as below; [5] table of contents; [6] blank; 7 - 333 text; [334] blank.

[2]: *By the same Author* | THE LONG NIGHT | BEDFORD FORREST

[4]: THE PAPER AND BINDING OF | THIS BOOK CONFORM TO THE | AUTHORISED ECONOMY STANDARDS | *Printed in Great Britain for* | *Eyre & Spottiswoode (Publishers), Limited, London*

Binding: Light yellow cloth, stamped, in blue, on spine: [thick rule] | [thin rule] | *At the* | *Moon's* | *Inn* | *ANDREW* | *LYTLE* | *Eyre* | & | *Spottiswoode* | [thin rule] | [thick rule]

Paper 8 1/2" X 5 1/2" X 11/16", unstained,

trimmed smooth, endpapers plain. Final leaf of signature X is used as pastedown for back cover.

English Edition, Second Printing

I have examined only one copy of the English edition of *At the Moon's Inn,* described above, which could, therefore, be either first or second printing.

SWEDISH TRANSLATION

Värdshuset Månen: Berättelsen om Hernando de Sotos expedition till Florida. Translated by Nils Holmberg. Stockholm: Förlagsaktiebolaget A. Sohlman & Co., 1943. So far as I have been able to discover, this is the only work of Lytle's to be translated into a foreign language.

MANUSCRIPT MATERIALS

In the Lytle archive at Vanderbilt there are nearly 300 pages of miscellaneous notes, plot outlines, bibliographical and historical data reflecting Mr. Lytle's research into the historical period he is writing about, and drafts of various portions of the novel. These are early working papers, obviously, and very rough. They are in no discernible order, and it is very difficult to determine exactly what relation they bear to the published book or even whether a complete text of the novel could be assembled from them. The typescript setting copy, with printer's markings, and corrections, in the author's hand, along with another ribbon copy, also with authorial corrections, is located in the University Libraries of the University of Florida, Gainesville. [1]

TEXTUAL HISTORY

[Two portions of *At the Moon's Inn* have been printed as short stories, one prior to, and the other some years after, publication of the novel in 1941. The first of these, in the June 1939 number of *Hika* (volume 5, pp. 5-8), is entitled "A Fragment: How Nuno de Tovar Came To Cross The Ocean Sea," and corresponds to pp. 10-20 of the published novel. The other, extracted as "Ortiz's Mass" in the 1958 collected volume *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories,* corresponds to pp. 122-150 of the novel. In

[1] I have examined neither. I am grateful to Laura V. Monti, Chairman of the Special Collections division of the University of Florida Library for describing them to me in a letter, 4 February 1970.

these tables of variants, the page and line numbers are those of the novel. These are followed by the readings as found in the novel, to the left of the bracket; the variants in the extracted versions are recorded to the right of the bracket.]

"A Fragment"

10.30 "You] ¶ You
10.30 understand] know
10.31-32 Hermosa . . . . [there follows a break in type] [decorative dash] At] Hermosa. At
10.34 Fêtes] fetes
11.3 Once, I remember, as] As
11.4 Panama] the Panama
11.9 water.] water:
11.12 valour] valor
11.15 gelded?] gelded.
11.16 travelled] traveled
11.22 with our] without
11.26 priest.] priests.
11.28 fête] fete
11.29 valour] valor
11.31 strangeness of the town] strangeness
11.34 before] when
12.7 moon's] Moon's
12.10 pedalled] peddled
12.10 morrow.] morrow. These I watched.
12.11 their shadows] them
12.12 jowls] jowl
12.15 came] moved
12.17 reins] veins
12.19 calling] calling,
12.22 mouth] mouth,
12.27 that word which] those words that
12.28 cursed it] cursed them
12.28 you, I bless it.] you gentlemen, I bless them.
12.30 deal] great deal
12.34-35 trout-/coloured] trout-colored
12.36 me.] me from his thoughts.
13.2 lived] lived for
13.3-4 weeks at a time] weeks
13.5 given] but given
13.6 Our] our
13.7 genealogies] geneaologies
13.11 feeling a] feeling
13.15-16 marvellous] marvelous
13.17 leapt] leaped
13.18 wonders,] wonders.
13.19 who would] would
13.22 lad] gentlemen
13.32 you all] you
13.35 Mass] mass
14.4 as soon] soon
14.5 humour] humor
14.8 agreed to go.] went. Besides she had a ribbon in her hair I'd given her.
14.9 Masses] masses
14.10 Virgen] Virgin
14.12 were not] weren't
14.14 self and] self
14.19 *Ite Missa Est*] Ite Missa est
14.20 stones] stone floor
14.23 Santísima Virgen] most sainted Virgin
14.28 Masses] masses
14.28 Santísima] Santissima
14.30 He] I saw him
14.32 oh,] oh
15.17 he?"] he?
15.17-18 demanded. "Where] demanded. Before she could speak, I said "Where
15.21 colour] color
15.22 see, sick as I was with] see. Sick with
15.22-23 washing] were washing
15.30 near] in the kitchen
15.36 our] ur
16.3 "—] —"
16.4 —"in] "—but in
16.5 ones] pricks
16.12 slapped at] slapped
16.14 you] You
16.16 taste,] taste—
16.19 hospitality,"] hospitality";
16.22 Señores] senores
16.23-24 butt-/end] butt-end
16.30 yet] but
16.30 turned and] turned,
16.31 unchallenged,] unchallenged and
16.34 hand—] hand
16.35 cups] Cups
16.35 coins] Coins
17.6-7 As you may know, the] The
17.7 Since] As

17.12 deck] desk
17.16 dispelled. In his voice I heard the voice of the penitent sailor.] dispelled. His voice was the voice of the penitent sailor who cried so for the ounce of gold.
17.17-18 same. Suddenly] same and suddenly
17.25 impatiently;] impatiently,
17.27 his cards] the stakes
17.28 paid] reached
17.30 rose to] reached
17.30 the] that
17.34 about] from about
17.36 honoured] honored
18.5 cloak—] cloak,—
18.6 dignity—] dignity,—
18.15 my] the
18.25 places. I played instead about the waistband. But] places. As soon as I felt him out and studied my guard, I played about the waistband which bound his loins. But
18.30-31 My companions sighed] I heard my companions sigh
18.36-19.1 face. I caught his blade beneath my throat. He] face, but I had expected this and caught his blade beneath my throat and then swung at his head in a feint that turned almost into earnest. He
19.4 part.] part. It was now too late to fetch a priest.
19.5 María, I knew, would not] I knew Maria would never
19.7 Masses] masses
19.8 hanged] executed
19.11 river] river one day
19.14 enlisted [decorative dash]] enlisted. [There follows, in the novel, a short conversation between Tovar and Silvestre, a brief return to the present action of the novel.]
19.21 [decorative dash] This] [¶] This fateful
19.23 lad] lad of eighteen
19.23 upon] up on
19.24 pinnace] galleon
19.24 Guadalquivir,] Quadalquiver. We
19.27 ship;] ship. We
19.28 tide,] tide, we
19.28 Lúcar. The] Lucar, which once across there is no turning back. The
19.30-31 dead." [¶] Sharp] dead." Sharp
20.1 another,] another
20.2 Father,] Father
20.5-18 lodgings. [There follows 12 lines of text which, as they represent a continuation of the novel, and do not coincide with the wrapping-up of the excerpt, there is no real need to reproduce here.]] lodgings, [¶] "Gentlemen," Tovar said, and his voice was deliberately casual, "I owe that man my life, and because of his compassion I sit here tonight his guest." [¶] He did not look at Don Hernando but, lifting his mug, he emptied it without lowering it once; then quietly slid beneath the table.

[In addition, the following variants are constant, and, since they recur many times in the text, it seems expeditious to record them only one time:]

Anadalucía] Andalucia
José] Jose
María] Maria
Nuño] Nuno
señores] senores

* * * * * * *

"Ortiz's Mass"

125.7-8 over-/cautious] overcautious
126.20 centre] center
126.25 owl-skin] owl-/skin
129.1 centre] center
129.22 odour] odor
130.6 honours] honors
132.29 *splendour*] *splendor*
133.19 odour] odor
133.20 odour] odor
134.6 odour] odor
134.13 centre] center

138.18 odour] odor
139.10 Breath Holder] Breath-Holder
139.14 crackling] cracking
141.6 they? he asked.] they?
141.11 odour] odor
142.22 grey] gray
145.7 —Here] Here
145.30 odour] odor
149.6 caseena] cassena
149.25 grey] gray

At the Moon's Inn was published 15 November 1941 in Tennessee and 17 November nationally [1] at a cost of $2.75. [2] Bobbs-Merrill production records, which would indicate the exact size of what was apparently only one printing of this novel are not available, but it is known that 5,000 copies were ordered bound on 1 November 1941. [3] It is thus possible that a larger number were actually printed, and the unbound copies stored for later use. This would make it likely, especially in view of the fact that the texts are identical, even to type damage, that the binding variant noted above represents a second binding only, and not a concealed printing. We cannot know, though, until complete publication records are released from the publisher's dead storage.

The English edition was published on 16 April 1943, and reprinted *circa* August of the same year. [4] The exact size of the printings is not known, [5] but a royalty report of Eyre & Spottiswoode to Bobbs-Merrill reveals that by 31 March 1944 a total of 8,207 copies of the English edition had been printed, and 7,084 sold. [6]

26 October 1937 is the earliest date to which I can assign the beginning of the actual composition of *At the Moon's Inn*. [7] By 25 January 1939, Mr. Lytle had submitted 36 pages to his publisher, [8] and by 2 April 1940, he had finished at least 210 pages. [9]

The following letters constitute a remarkable commentary

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[1] Mimeographed advertisement circular, "The Bobbs-Merrill Company" to "Dealers and Librarians of Tennessee", 5 November 1941 (Lilly).

[2] *Publisher's Weekly*, 140 (15 November 1941), 1921.

[3] Letter, Lois Stewart of Bobbs-Merrill (Rights and Permissions) to Noel Polk, 18 November 1969.

[4] Letter, Marion Weir of Eyre & Spottiswoode, to Noel Polk, 19 November 1969.

[5] *Ibid.* Mr. Weir relates that various calamities, including World War II, have caused the loss of many of their records.

[6] Letter, Lois Stewart to Noel Polk, 5 December 1969.

[7] Letter of this date, D. L. Chambers to Andrew Lytle (Lilly).

[8] Letter of this date, D.L.C. to A.L. (Lilly).

[9] Letter of this date, D.L.C. to A.L. (Lilly).

on the writing of *At the Moon's Inn*. The first, dated 27 January 1938, and written from Nashville by Mr. Lytle to D. L. Chambers, sets forth in some detail the basic themes and symbols he plans to develop, and is especially interesting for its discussion of *At the Moon's Inn* as a part of a projected "series of novels which would be progressive in time." In the second, for which neither date nor addressee is known, the author explains the meaning of the title, and points out its thematic relationships to the rest of the novel. Both letters are at the Lilly Library. Except for some deletions of irrelevant matter, which are indicated by ellipses, and for the silent correction of a few obvious typing errors, these letters are here reproduced exactly as Mr. Lytle wrote them.

[First Letter]

Dear Laurance:-

Your note came yesterday, as I was in the midst of the composition of this letter. I have a feeling before I am done that it will have to go by express. My procrastination has been due to a puzzlement over unresolved problems. I am still puzzled, but I might as well set it down on paper, to satisfy both you and me. There's nothing like seeing your state of mind for a moral purge.

I have been reading now fairly constantly since I last saw you, with the consequence that my plans have become more elaborate. You may remember that I once discussed with you a series of novels which would be progressive in time? I have decided to take hold of this idea at once. The book I had originally planned for this winter's work will take second place in the series. There will, first of all, be a sort of introductory novel. Of course nobody must know that it is an introduction, nor does this mean that the book won't be a unit in itself. It will stand by itself, even if nothing comes afterwards. As a matter of fact the relationship between all the books will depend upon a general idea in the author's mind. This idea it will not be necessary for the reader to know or understand. For all practical purposes it will be for the author a private discipline. It will in no way ever become explicit in the body of the book.

As yet it is not even clear in my own mind. So far I merely see various concepts held together in the loosest way: the new world will be seen as the old world's sin, even its destruction. First, it is gold and Spain's lust for it. Later it will be another sort of exploitation. But for the first book it must be gold (the new world was called the Golden Pole because the land was so rich) and this means Spaniards. After looking over the field

very carefully, I've settled on De Soto's entry into the country in 1539 as the proper subject for the first novel.

I will take him at the moment he enters the new world, the unknown continent called, because of its discovery on Palm Sunday, La Florida. It was a dark Africa, whose interior was completely unknown. At this moment De Soto is 39, in the prime of health, luck, and fortune, setting out to discover another Peru. This is what he thinks, what his small army feels. But actually he is going, in proud circumstance, to his death. Not only does he go to his death, but he destroys his friend, sacrifices his wife, his army, his fortune in the search for gold. To him gold is vanity and pride, because it will raise him to high estate. To those who follow him I will let gold mean different things. Before his death Soto will be confronted with all he has done, with the commission of the mortal sins of pride and avarice, the two sins which the medieval mind found to be the root of all evil.

Antecedent to De Soto's entry into Florida his life has been roughly as follows. He is a young man of family but without fortune. He is taken into the feudal household of Pedrarias Davila, one of the first governors of the new world islands. There he is educated and trained at his patron's expense. He falls in love with Davila's daughter, who is intended for a great marriage. The father becomes insulted and enraged in the peculiar Spanish way, but finally simulates friendship. He engages to take the young man to the new world where he may win fame and fortune by his sword, which is De Soto's lone possession and hope. Actually the patron intends to do him in. The girl warns her lover, but he refuses to suspect.

Reduced to its lowest terms: young man goes to new world to seek fortune to marry girl.

In the new world De Soto becomes such a good soldier that his father in law to be cannot do without him at first. When time arrives for his death, De Soto cuts off hangman's head and threatens Davila with his sword before all his troops. Next, he becomes second in command in the Peruvian expedition and makes its success possible, although he allows his friend the Inca to be betrayed. He amasses a fortune and, after some fifteen years, returns to the old world and marries the girl who has waited.

He is now a rich grandee, covered with honor, glory, and fortune, married to the girl who has waited. But in this progress the simple, honorable youth has degenerated. He has allowed the means to become the end of his life. He is corrupted by avarice, he has become accustomed to cruelty, he is lustful for greater honor and glory. He decides to stake all his fortune on a venture into Florida, gets the emperor's permission and raises an expert and gallant little army of 600 men. His wife, the early symbol, he violates and puts away. He betrays the years

of waiting by leaving her after giving her a taste of fulfillment. Due to the physiological difference between men and women, the rigid laws of chastity, this is the first betrayal of his moral nature.

When De Soto is confronted with failure and death, I will have to use his early life to point up the tragic failure in the invasion of Florida.

I have used the word gold a great deal. I mean for it to be a symbol and an impulse to action, but the story naturally will have to do with the dramatic complications of character and circumstance which this urge caused De Soto and his followers. Because he is a man of conscience, his wife, his friend, his army, all those I decide upon as supporting characters, they all in their fortunes and misfortunes will be felt as a part of De Soto's fortunes and conflict. This will be the general focus of the book. Under the influence of gold, that is the materialistic view of the world, the mind of Christendom, and its spirit, sets out on its dance of death. The small army will have all the forms of its chivalry, but it is not seeking to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels. It is seeking the essence of materialism, its own spiritual destruction. This situation introduces an interesting complication into my treatment, or rather, since I anticipate, my conception....

* * * * *

[Second Letter]

. . . I think I can use almost all of the material except in the Cuba section. It will be only a matter of rearrangement for clarity and speed and also I will use Tovar rather than Ranjel. It will be taken out of the first person and probably begin not in Cuba but in Spain. In other words I am about to abandon the framework of letting Ranjel return and tell the story of Dona Ysabel.

The Peruvian section has not been worked over. It is overwritten, punctuation needs attention, and probably a good deal of cutting. It is not very clean, but you will have to make out as best you can in reading it. Altogether there is enough manuscript to get an idea of the book. Except for finishing it and going over it once to pull it together I won't have time for more tinkering, although I ought to put another six months on it. You may think so too after you read it.

Here and there you will find rough places where I have written badly. These I hope to mend.

I have put a title on the front which seems more like the right title than we have so far thought of. It is:

First of all, it is a Spanish phrase, an old one, meaning literally to sleep out in the open. But it also has meaning for the book. First, the moon is false; also it governs the tides which brought the Spaniards to the new world; its goddess, Diana controls the fields and streams and forests and all the things which grow and punishes with sudden death all who violate her domain. This fits de Soto's career well. In a search for the title, as you suggested I wrote down as concisely as I could what meaning lies behind the book. It is this:

The Spaniards, representative of Christendom, come to Florida seeking their own destruction[.] Gold is the source of avarice and pride, the basic Christian sins. They find no gold but in their search for it, the two men, de Soto and Tovar, each the obverse of the other, accept the world and become protestant or unchristian. de Soto by will, Tovar by the senses, the two men who always accept the world. In the progress of the drama, de Soto loses everything but will, Tovar everything but the attention to his senses. In their persons is the symbol of the overthrow of Christendom.

Florida physically and spiritually is the world. This Tovar learns and this Ortiz, the interpreter who has been held captive twelve years among the Indians, displays. The Indians can conceive of no such state as a spirit apart from the body. When they die, food, weapons, etc. are put in their graves for the use of their bodies in the after journey. So Florida through the Indians becomes to Tovar's eyes the absolute world, not pagan but from sources more remote than paganism. In his effort to overcome the wilderness, de Soto is forced to deny the Host and become his private interpreter of God. Thereafter he can relie only upon the will. As he discovers, the will is not enough. When it breaks, he dies. With Tovar it is another thing. Cutifichigqui becomes to him an earthly paradise. With medieval supernaturalism he believes that Florida will be too powerful for Christians to resist. He sees it actively and mysteriously performing to seduce the Christians. He finds it pleasant and after de Soto's death flees from the army with his eighteen year old mistress whom he has gambled away and can't give up.

In light of this you can see how the title fits very well. It needs another word before it. Of course none of this the reader will know, casually picking up a book, but I think it sounds provocative.

I've got to have luck to finish it. I'll begin in the morning to get back into Cutifichiqui. The center of the scene must be Tovar's realization of what it is and his acceptance of it..

Then comes Mauvilla, the battle, which destroys the Indians

but cripples the army so severely that the men try to force de Soto to return. The Priest threatens to excommunicate him and he defies the priest, overcoming the wilderness but losing his Christian soul.

The next chapter finds the Christians thoroughly lost, with the interpreter dead and no way out, hemmed in by the wilderness and the Indians, weakened from losses and hardships. De Soto dies.

A short chapter in which Tovar flees.

Rodrigo Ranjel

Ysabel, daughter of the conde de Puno Rostro, called in the Indies Pedrarias, and on her mother's side grand niece to that Beatrice de Bobadilla, the Marquesa de Moya, lady of honor and life-long favorite of Ysabel the Catholic. deSoto left her in charge of all his affairs, vice-governor for the island of Cuba.

4. A NAME FOR EVIL — 1947

First Edition, First Printing

[In semi-script] *A Name for Evil* | A NOVEL BY | ANDREW LYTLE | [ornament] | THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY | INDIANAPOLIS *Publishers* NEW YORK

Collation: $[1]^{8}$ $[2-7]^{16}$ $[8]^{4}$

Pagination: [1] half-title; [2] list of other works by Lytle, as below; [3] title page, as above; [4] copyright page, as below; [5] dedication, as below; [6] blank; [7] half-title; [8] blank; 9 - 215 text; [216] blank.

[2]: *Books by* ANDREW LYTLE | AT THE MOON'S INN | THE LONG NIGHT

[4]: COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY | PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA | *First Edition*

[5]: TO EDNA

Binding: Green cloth, stamped in gold, as follows: on front, A NAME FOR | [in script] Evil | ANDREW [in script] Lytle

On spine, A | NAME | FOR | [in script] Evil | [period] | [in script] Lytle | BOBBS | MERRILL

Paper is 5 1/2" X 7 15/16" X 1/2"; edges

unstained and trimmed smooth.

First Edition, Second Printing

Identical to first printing except in the following particulars:

1. lacks notation *First Edition* on copyright page
2. 215.17 "strain" is corrected to "stain", a change directed by Mr. Lytle. [1]

Second Edition

A Name for Evil appeared in a new typesetting as the "Novel" of *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories.* In the following table, which shows textual variants between the two typesettings, the page and line numbers refer to the 1947 text. These are followed by the readings of the 1947 volume, to the left of the bracket, then by the variant readings of the new edition, to the right of the bracket. Since the second printing of the 1947 text is the corrected one, all readings are from it. It will be noticed that the *NN4S* text restores the error "strain" in the final paragraph.

17.19-20	and probably rusty] and well tarnished
39.8	love:] love;
45.2	me] me.
49.10	help make] help him make
57.10	relationship] relationship,
59.4	ain't hongry] 'ain't hongry'
59.4	ain't dead,] 'ain't dead,'
59.7	glass,] glass
59.22	he] He
68.22	'I'm] I'm
70.15	strategems] stratagems
74.7-8	"He's being sent] "He thinks he is going soon to be sent
118.3-4	communication] comunication
128.27	words] the words
138.21	haunting the] haunting and
139.17	its very] its
141.16	[¶] We] [Corresponding line does not begin a paragraph, though the preceding line is not justified to the right margin.]
141.17	thing] things
157.6	didn'] didn't
159.14	and] of
161.5	spluttered] sputtered
168.23	No,] No
171.26-27	conversation] conversational
177.22	"Thank] 'Thank
178.2	appetites] apetites
193.22	voice deep] deep voice
207.25	thought;] thought:
215.17	stain] strain
215.20	last I] last Major Brent had triumphed and I

Third Edition

Avon Books published this title in January, 1969, as paperback #S382, at the price of 60¢. Mr. Lytle, however, writes, "I did not know A NAME FOR EVIL was out in paperback until

people began to tell me." [2] This edition therefore cannot have any textual authority.

MANUSCRIPT

The typescript setting copy of *A Name for Evil,* with printer's markings, is located at the University Libraries of the University of Florida, Gainesville. [3]

A first printing of 4,000 copies of this title was published on 11 August 1947, and a second printing of 2,000 copies was ordered on 7 November of the same year. [4]

There was some difficulty in finding a suitable title for this book, and apparently everybody connected with its publication was making suggestions. The first 35 pages, for example, had been received in the Bobbs-Merrill editorial offices some time prior to 10 May 1946 under the title *Horses of the Night.* [5] Before 14 January 1947, however, the author had renamed it *Another Man's House.* [6] By 15 April he had changed the title to *The End of the Circle,* [7] and no more than a week later, it had been changed yet again to *Where the Light Grew Even.* [8] And in a letter to Mr. Lytle, dated 28 April, [9] D.L. Chambers mentions a few more of the titles Mr. Lytle had suggested up to that time: *The Passionate Grove, The Grove, The Grove Beyond, Scarcliff,* and *Another Woman's House.* In the same letter, Chambers also mentions four titles which had been proposed by the editorial staff: *The Pool of Strangeness, The Veil of Illusion, A Name for Evil,* and *Agent of Doom. A Name for Evil* was agreed to by Mr. Lytle by 3 May, [10] barely one month before the first 4,000 copies were actually printed, on 10 June 1947. [11]

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[1] Letter, Andrew Lytle to D. L. Chambers of Bobbs-Merrill, 4 July 1947, at the Lilly Library Bobbs-Merrill archive.

[2] Letter, Andrew Lytle to Noel Polk, 30 January 1970.

[3] I have not examined it. I am grateful to Laura V. Monti, Chairman of the Special Collections division of the University of Florida Library for describing it to me in a letter, 4 February 1970.

[4] Letter, Lois Stewart of Bobbs-Merrill (Rights and Permissions), to Noel Polk, 18 November 1969.

[5] Inter-office memorandum of this date, Rosemary [?] to D. L. Chambers (Lilly).

[6] Letter, of this date, D. L. Chambers to Andrew Lytle (Lilly).

[7] Inter-office memorandum of this date, Herman Ziegner to D.L.C. (Lilly).

[8] Inter-office memorandum, H.Z. to D.L.C., 22 April 1947 (Lilly).

[9] At the Lilly Library.

[10] Letter, Chambers to Lytle, 6 May 1947 (Lilly).

[11] Letter, Lois Stewart to Noel Polk, 8 September 1969.

5. THE VELVET HORN — 1957

[title page printed in green:] The Velvet Horn | BY ANDREW LYTLE | [publisher's device] | McDowell, Obolensky / New York

Collation: [1 - 12][16]

Pagination: [i] half-title; [ii] list of other works by Lytle, as below; [iii] title; [iv] copyright page, as below; [v] dedication, as below; [vi] blank; [1] - 373 text; [374] blank; [375] biographical sketch of Lytle; [376 - 378] blank.

[ii]: *By the same author* | BEDFORD FORREST AND HIS CRITTER COMPANY | THE LONG NIGHT | AT THE MOON'S INN | A NAME FOR EVIL

[iv]: Copyright (c) 1957 by Andrew Lytle | All Rights Reserved. | Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 57-10518 | Published simultaneoulsy in the Dominion of Canada | by George J. McLeod Limited, Toronto. | Manufactured in the United States of America | by the Haddon Craftsmen, Scranton, Penna. | Designed by Stefan Salter

[v]: To John Crowe Ransom

Binding: Blue-green cloth, stamped in gold. On front: [on black square background:] THE | VELVET | HORN

On spine: ANDREW LYTLE | [title on black square background:] THE | VELVET | HORN | McDOWELL/OBOLENSKY | [publisher's device on black square background]

Paper, 8 3/16" X 5 1/2" X 1 3/16". Top edges stained very light green, trimmed smooth. Endpapers salmon.

Variant Binding: I have examined one copy of *The Velvet Horn* whose top edges were not stained. This could represent a variant state of the binding, but it is quite possible that this one copy is only a freak.

It is textually identical to the regularly-bound states.

Second Printing

The Second Printing of *The Velvet Horn* is identical to the first except in the following particulars:

Binding: Pages 8 3/16" X 5 1/2" X 1 1/8"

Typographical: [iv].4 reads "simultaneously" instead of "simultaneoulsy."

[iv]: "Second Printing" is added to the bottom of the other lines of type.

81.24 the superfluous comma directly above "and" in line 25 is removed.

[375].13 reads *Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company* instead of *BEDFORD FORREST AND HIS CRITTER COMPANY*

MANUSCRIPT

At the University Library of the University of Florida is a typescript ribbon copy of *The Velvet Horn,* 378 pp. Page 165 missing. There are numerous authorial corrections, additions, and deletions. In addition, this library holds several earlier drafts of different sections of the novel. [1]

TEXTUAL HISTORY

[In the Summer, 1956, number of *The Sewanee Review* (Volume 64, pp. 349-97), Mr. Lytle published a long excerpt from his work then in progress. "What Quarter of the Night" represents an early version of the material corresponding to pp. 3-4, the introductory remarks by Sol Leatherbury, and pp. 99-143, the section entitled "The Water Witch," of *The Velvet Horn.* As this lengthy table of variants shows, the author revised these pages quite extensively before publishing them as part of the novel. In the table, page and line numbers refer to the text of the novel; the novel reading immediately follows, to the left of

[1] I have not examined these holdings. I am grateful to Laura V. Monti, Chairman of the Special Collections division of the University of Florida Library, for describing it to me in a letter of 4 February 1970.

the bracket; the variant, earlier, readings of "What Quarter of the Night" follow, to the right of the bracket.]

3.Title [none]] *I. The Tree.*
3.Subtitle Sol Leatherbury, the woods boss, speaks:] *Sol Leatherbury.*
3.2-3 The tree fell [¶] Fell and] The tree fell and
3.4 waer] were
3.5 Hit was] It were
3.6 It taken] Hit taken
3.8 boy,] boy
3.10 clear] clear,
3.10 it'll] hit'll
3.14 hit taken] it taken
3.14-15 it. [¶] I] it. I
3.16 Cree] Joe Cree
3.17 see] see who
3.17 faster] better
3.19 It pleasured me to see it.] It was a pleasure to note.
3.20 butt] trunk
3.21 evening] night
4.2-3 it. [¶] The] it. The
4.3 brought] drawed
4.4 no] not a
4.6-7 long trunk to the branches] long branched trunk
99.Title The Trace.] *II. The Trace.*
99.2 Lucius] Lucius Cree
99.2 Jack] His Uncle Jack
99.4 high-trotting] high trotting
99.5 roadbed] road bed
99.10 traveled] travelled
99.15 sharply,] sharply.
99.20 May be] Maybe
99.22 gait] pace
99.23 trancelike] trance-like
99.24 Julia's] Sis Jule's
100.1 son] child
100.2-3 tableau, scarcely a month ago] tableau ... less than a week ago
100.5 middlebuster] middle-buster
100.7 Joe] Joe Cree
100.13 flicking] flickering
100.21 *that Corley*] *Corley*
100.21 *court*] *Court*
100.22 *court*] *Court*
100.22-23 *open the gates*] *the gates open*
100.24 away, but] away but
100.27 shifted] flicked
100.28 it had] he'd
100.29 after] long after
100.30 quieted] quietened
100.32-101.2 water ... and then Joe Cree turned, with no civil word, and walked heavily, shoulders bent slightly as before a high wind, and no wind stirred, nothing but the heat drying the already dry air, towards the house. And then Lucius must have felt the strangeness, not knowing, for he said, *I'll help you find the middlebuster.* And he, himself, *I'll get it tomorrow. Come ride home with me.*] water ...
101.5-6 *Somebody told Joe Cree about that time, on the hunt, Julia and Pete Legrand, got lost together.*] [*Printed in Roman type.*]
101.7 time?] time.
101.14 time] time time
101.16 whirl] swirl
101.16 short-circuiting] short-/circuiting
101.19 stream bed] stream
101.27 Jack] he
101.29 he] Jack
101.31 aint] ain't
101.32 war trace] War Trace
102.1 said—] said
102.5 He] Jack
102.12 each] earth
102.13 He could] Jack could
102.14-15 hatbrim entirely] hat brim swimming in sweat entirely
102.35 shade.] shade. He'd not look the gift horse in the mouth.
103.15 branches; and the] branches; the
103.15-18 leaves, and the leaves shook themselves in puddles of brightness,

fresh-washed, and the light in the April sky like a clean water. But there was no warmth, only the ghost of winter's sleet to chill the air. Cold] leaves, the leaves and sun fresh-washed by the April sky. But there was no warmth, only the ghost of winter's sleet rising in puddles of brightness. Cold

103.29 glade] meadow
103.35 turned into] turned
104.1 summer and autumn] summer, and fall
104.4 salting] salting of
104.6 land,] land
104.9 but on the rich land thickets] thickets
104.10 varmints and the first trees yet standing.] varmints.
104.13 He] *He*
104.13 he couldn't] *he* couldn't
104.14 he got] *he* got
104.17 home....] home...
104.23 He] *He*
105.16 twelve-point] twelve point
105.19 their now unblemished surface.] the now unblemished surface of the discs.
105.23 shocked] shook
105.28 he] *he*
105.30 As he] As *he*
105.30 he had] *he* had
105.35 he] *he*
105.35 He] *He*
106.1 smell] smells
106.1 ammonia] acrid ammonia
106.6 he] *he*
106.8 eye, drooping the lid. He] eye. *He*
106.9 he] *he*
106.14 up.] up for that was strange.
106.16 cat] bob cat
106.22 he] *he*
106.26 short an] with no
106.27 What's] And what's
106.28 king?] king.
106.29 He] *He*
106.29 he] *he*
106.30 He] *He*
106.31 At last.] So?
106.32 Somebody's] Well, somebody's
107.7 He] *He*
107.9 He] *He*
107.12 he] *he*
107.13 taxes. The] taxes, the
107.13 thirteen] fourteen
107.14 Joe] Joe Cree
107.19 catamounts] caty-mounts
107.29 went] ran
108.3 he said] *he* said
108.3 he saw] *he* saw
108.4 He] *He*
108.6 he knew he] *he* knew *he*
108.9 he] *he*
108.10 he] *he*
108.17 any] all
108.21 he] *he*
108.25 he] *he*
108.28 he] *he*
109.9 he] *he*
109.11 He] *He*
109.18-19 And the weather becoming substance in all that grew in the wilderness, in] And he saw that the weather was the season's spirit and that the spirit turned flesh in all that grew in the wilds, in
109.21 around] round
109.22 He] *He*
109.22 urgency] urgency of meaning
109.26 feeling] sense
109.26 he] *he*
109.27 its effect upon him] his feeling of it
109.28 shown] shown him
109.28 impact] effect
109.29 he] *he*
109.35 shoulders,] shoulders
110.6 he ate] *he* ate
110.6 he knew] *he* knew
110.7 the first-born. He] his brother. *He*
110.11-12 there, some delusively big.] there.
110.12 the] that
110.16 he] *he*
110.19 shook] shook,
110.22 he] *he*
110.28 he knew] *he* knew
110.28 he had] *he* had
110.30 all] of
110.30-31 own." [¶] He had now

reached a climate he] own." *He* had been transmuted into a realm whose climate *he*

110.33 he] *he*

111.1 he] *he*

111.2 distance, he] distance, his eyes unseeing but sighted upon the course of sound, *he*

111.7 he] *he*

111.12 he] *he*

111.14 armpit] arm-pit

111.17 He] *He*

111.18 out in front] ahead

111.21 backward] backwards

111.22 pool and] pool,

111.22 he] *he*

111.23 he] *he*

111.23 He] *He*

111.24 he] *he*

111.29-30 out of the water at a point,] pointing out of the water,

111.30 Then it,] It,

111.31 He] *He*

111.31-32 slipped . . . he] slipped. *He*

111.32 brother. He turned slowly] brother; *he* turned

111.33 His eyes] *He*

112.1 base, only this did he see.] base.

112.1 he] *he*

112.2 He] *He*

112.3 say he] say *he*

112.3 Duncan and Julia] Julia and Duncan

112.3-4 if he could find the way through these trees] if *he* could find his way out of these trees,

112.5 he] *he*

112.8 The Garment.] *III. The Garment.*

112.9 He] *He*

112.12 He] *He*

112.13 hunters: yet he] hunters; yet *he*

112.14 he] *he*

112.16 he] *he*

112.18 he] *he*

112.19 feeling] bad feeling

112.19 he] *he*

112.24 he] *he*

112.25 copper] nickle

112.26 He] *He*

112.27 he,] *he,*

112.27 He] *He*

112.27 he felt] *he* felt

112.28 He] *He*

112.28 he] *he*

112.29 he] *he*

112.32 He leaned] *He* leaned

112.32 He drew] *He* drew

113.2 he] *he*

113.4 which held in its frame the] the

113.5 Emm's sitting room,] Emm's,

113.9 he] *he*

113.22 *he*] he

113.24 in] at

113.26 *he*] he

113.28 twenty-three] twenty-one

113.29 he] *he*

114.3 courthouse] Court house

114.13 value] price

114.15 he] *he*

114.17 He] *He*

114.18 he] *he*

114.20 cross-purposes] cross purposes

114.22 that] than

114.25 he] *he*

114.25 who was frowning] frowning

115.14 this] that

115.20 *He*] Jack

115.21 cousin] Cousin

115.23-24 her. Of course, he's scarcely a man yet."] her."

115.29 energetic] energetic,

115.31 it....] it...

115.32 he] *he*

115.33 home?] home.

115.33-34 house—in any house—] house

116.21 he] *he*

116.22 he] *he*

116.23 get to] reach

116.26 he] *he*

116.33 he] *he*

117.8 he] *he*

117.8 that?" He] that." *He*

117.17 jeered—Duncan] jeered, 'Duncan

117.17 sis-is-ter....] sis-is-ter.'

117.18-19 —Yes, I did,] 'Yes, I did,'

117.20 —Would] 'Would

117.20 anywhere?] any-/where?'

117.22-23 state—Yes, I would.] state, 'Yes, I would.'
117.26 —Would] 'Would
117.26 ass?] ass?'
117.29 back—Yes, I would ...."] back, 'Yes, I would'..."
117.31 "Not quite] "He's
117.34 matter,] matter
117.35 lives] lives,
117.35 way?] way.
118.3 he] *he*
118.5 help] help,
118.6 smiled his smile.] smiled.
118.13 ...and] And
118.17 time?] time.
118.17 multiply?] multiply.
118.22 oversimple] over-simple
118.32 he] *he*
119.7 sweat and dew.] sweat.
119.28 traveling] travelling
119.30 overrolling] over-rolling
119.35 he knew he] *he* knew *he*
120.1 He] *He*
120.1 jack] Jack
120.7 jack] Jack
120.11 oh,] Oh
120.14 aint] ain't
120.16-17 your own heart, not to mention lights and livers.] your heart.
120.17 jack] Jack
120.18 jacks] Jacks
120.19-20 it. I do not mention the sloth, God's one moment of fatigue. You] it. You
120.23 led more carefully] more carefully led
120.27 Overmodest] Over-modest
120.32 jack] Jack
120.34 old] early
121.6 jackass] Jackass
121.9 jack] Jack
121.14 that] who
121.15 jacks] Jacks
121.16 hole.] hole. You know what that is?"
121.21 jack] Jack
121.26 want or need] want
121.26 Upon] upon
121.27 His] his
121.28 humpbacked] hump-backed
121.29 shaggy, that divine, that] shaggy, that
121.31 jacks] Jacks
122.1 he] *he*
122.2 pantomime] pantimine
122.4 speaking,] saying,
122.12 Sewing-Mary] sewing Mary
122.26 ankles,] legs,
122.32 half-cupped] half cupped
123.1 frowned.] frowned,
123.4 curtsied] courtsied
123.13 half turned] half-turned
123.16 he] *he*
123.20 his] a
123.24 now] how
123.32 Bubba] bubba
123.33 He] *He*
123.33 strain] tension
123.35 He] *He*
124.6 He] *He*
124.7 he] *he*
124.12 not] hot
125.28 Wilderness] wilderness
125.31 foot] foot in
125.32 that they] they
126.9 would be.] would.
126.16 forest] woods
126.22 would come] come
126.28 away.] away
126.29 He] he
126.33 thing or place] thing
126.34 in] in his
127.9 was out of] had rushed the
127.11 earthmold] earthmould
127.20 soon. The] soon... the
127.26 mind from] mind
127.34 see it] see
128.2 puff] puffs
128.11 knothole] knot hole
128.11 before] above
128.15 froze,] froze;
128.18 knothole] knot hole
128.19 serpent-like] serpent's
129.13 wing joint] joint
129.18 he] it
129.21 soberly] wonderingly
129.26 wingbone] wing bone
129.33 "Let's] 'Let's
130.1 going] not going
130.4 corrupting bodies] corruption
130.6 The Chase.] *IV. The*

Chase.
130.22 Legrand is] Legrand's
131.5 spat] spat it
131.24 campfire] camp fire
131.35 campfire] camp fire
132.4 aint] ain't
132.8 think?"] think?" he asked.
132.23 my] your
132.35 "Just] "How do I know. Just
133.10 too tight] too-/tight
133.13 Bubba] bubba
133.31 balanced] poised
134.6 Duncan's] his
134.21 again, and listened.] again.
134.22 aint] ain't
135.4 harden, too, and blacken] harden and blacken, too
135.5 as well] too
135.10 smoke] mist
135.10-11 roar, for a while, muffled tongue and ear.] roar muffled the silence.
135.12 a strange] the
135.13 good blown.] blown and spent.
135.25 them.] him.
135.26 Duncan] He
135.32 long] last
135.34-35 the water] it
136.6 blood or] blood, of
136.8 eyes,] eyes
136.9 strange,] strange—
136.24 out] was the voice
136.35 slapped at] slapped
137.2 gray] grey
137.5 narrow] so narrow
137.16 widened] had widened
137.19 dawn] day
137.20 still] as yet
137.21 well worn] well-worn
137.23 down in front of them] of the cove
137.24 sight] gaze
137.24 to] on
137.25 gray] grey
137.28-29 glowed like a tremendous fern] glowed
138.3 falls,] falls
138.9-10 new ground] newground
138.13 tasks] task
138.15 about] around
138.17 right,] right
138.20 the horses] hooves
138.24 glade. The cedar] cedar glade. The
138.25 Duncan] him
138.30 bearskin] bear skin
138.34 the brothers] they
138.35 two] pair
139.1 film] stain
139.16-17 matter-of-fact] matter of fact
139.25 laces] lacings
139.28 then,] then—
139.29 got] got caught
139.34 skin] flesh
140.1 simply] gravely
140.3 aint] ain't
140.3 interrupted] said
140.7 understanding at last] aware at last of
140.12 slowly, warily.] slowly.
140.15 ordered] said
140.20 ordered] said
140.22 downwards] downward
140.24 belly.] belly..
140.27-28 them, still facing Duncan with his knife at parry; then he grunted and stepped] them. He grunted as he stepped
141.10 was threading] threaded
141.20 hard to do.] hard.
141.25 too."] too...
141.26 marveled] marvelled
141.27 ease] grace
141.28 their place] the homeplace
141.29 ready....] ready...
141.32 whirling slowly] whirling
142.1 Hill] hill
142.3 home place] homeplace
142.4 end] end....
142.5 halt, suddenly. The shafts ran] halt suddenly, running the shafts
142.7 down. The August heat. Knowing] down Knowing
142.8 he] *he*
142.8 moment] instant
142.10 it] it out
142.11 and there] there
142.12 tollgate] toll gate
142.12-13 way. Beside him sat

	Lucius. To] way. To		then blinked, took his
142.21	pause] instant		meaning; yet felt the
142.23	Now] Now,		amenities called for
142.23	he] *he*		more than silence.
142.24	he turned and looked]	143.1	the] their
	he looked	143.3-4	fault," he said.]
142.24	now he] now *he*		fault."
142.29-30	were milky; slowly	143.5	he] *he*
	they blinked as they	143.9	Jock] *He*
	took his meaning. Yet	143.11	mouth] lips
	the amenities called for	143.12	"The] "Oh, the
	no haste.] stared;		

This title was published 15 August 1957.[2] The size of the first printing is not available from the publisher's records, but by 17 January 1958 over 8,000 copies had been sold.[3] A second printing of 3,200 copies was run in December, 1957.[4]

Mr. Lytle had submitted the first 85 pages of this novel, the section entitled "The Water Witch" to the Bobbs-Merrill publishers by 3 March 1951,[5] nearly 7 years before its publication by another firm.

6. A NOVEL, A NOVELLA AND FOUR STORIES — 1958

[on p. [ii] until noted:] *Andrew* | *Lytle* | A NOVEL, A NOVELLA [here begin on p. [iii]:] AND FOUR STORIES | [publisher's device] | *mc dowell, obolensky*

Collation: [1 - 11][16]

Pagination: [i] half-title and list of other works by Lytle, as below; [ii - iii] title; [iv] copyright page, as below; [v] dedication, as below; [vi - vii] table of contents (see table of variants for list); [viii] blank; [ix]- xx author's foreword; [1] - 327 text; [328] blank; [329] biographical sketch of Lytle; [330 - 332] blank.

[i]: *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories* | By the same author | *Bedford Forrest and*

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[2] Letter, David McDowell, formerly of McDowell, Obolensky, to Noel Polk, 14 July 1969.

[3] Letter, David McDowell to Andrew Lytle, 17 January 1958 (Vanderbilt).

[4] Letter, David McDowell to Andrew Lytle, 17 January 1958 (Vanderbilt).

[5] Inter-office Memorandum of this date, Herman [Ziegner] to D.L. Chambers (Lilly).

His Critter Company | *The Long Night* | *At the Moon's Inn* | *A Name for Evil* | *The Velvet Horn*

[iv]: Copyright 1935, 1936, 1941, 1942, 1945, 1947 by Andrew Lytle | (c) 1958 by Andrew Lytle | Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 58-12577 | All Rights Reserved under Pan-American and International | Copyright Conventions. Published in New York by Mc- | Dowell, Obolensky Inc. and in the Dominion of Canada by | George J. McLeod Limited, Toronto. | *First Printing* | Acknowledgment is here made to the following publications, | in which some of the material in this volume first appeared: | *The Kenyon Review,* "Alchemy"; *The Sewanee Review,* | "The Mahogany Frame" (then entitled "The Guide"); *The*| *Southern Review,* "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho"; *The Virginia* | *Quarterly Review,* "Mr. MacGregor." | Manufactured in the United States of America by The Had-|don Craftsmen, Scranton, Pennsylvania. | Designed by Alfred Manso.

[v]: *To Allen & Caroline Tate*

Binding: Deep red cloth, stamped in white, as follows:

Front: LYTLE | A NOVEL | A NOVELLA | AND | FOUR STORIES

Spine: [printed horizontally] LYTLE [slanted rule, followed by four upright lines:] A NOVEL | A NOVELLA | AND | FOUR STORIES *mcdowell, obolensky* [publisher's device appears directly above "obolensky"]

Paper: 8 3/16" X 5 7/16" X 1 1/16" smooth-trimmed; top edges stained deep red; buff end papers

TEXTUAL HISTORY

[In the following tables, the numbers indicating page and line

numbers refer to the text as it appears in NN4S. The NN4S reading immediately follows, on the left side of the bracket; the readings contained in the texts' other appearances are to the right of the bracket.]

* * * * * * * * *

"Foreword"

Reprinted in *The Hero With the Private Parts,* pp. 193-201.

x.18 Dickens's] Dickens' Civil War did not)
xviii.18-20 diversity. Before the automobile destroyed the country communities (the] people] diversity. People
xix.26 Menelaus's] Menelaus'

* * * * * *

"Jericho, Jericho, Jericho"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Southern Review,* 1 (1935-36), 753-764.

3.5 counterpane;] counterpane,
3.6-7 speckled dried] speckled-dried
4.6 footposts] foot posts
4.24 loose] loose,
5.1 headboard] head board
8.3 'em] 'm
10.7 But] But,
11.21 If] if
12.10 specter] spectre
12.18 From] from
13.8 embarrassment.] embarrassment:
13.18 order, but] order but,
13.25 thirty-odd] thirty odd
14.1 Rebecca] Rebeccah
14.10 gay] gay,
14.16 Senegalese] Senagalese
14.20 *Now listen,*] *Now, listen*
14.28 dark—*I know*] dark—*you turn that black man loose.* A pause and then—*I know*
16.4 stir] stir up
16.25 fields] field
16.26 parties, moving,] parties, or maybe it was the burial parties, moving,
17.1-2 hunting, and] hunting and
17.27 specters] spectres
17.31 specters] spectres
18.14 thunder-heads] thunderheads

* * * * * * * * * * *

"The Mahogany Frame"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: as "The Guide." *Sewanee Review,* 53 (Summer 1945), 362-387.

22.13 brother] Brother
22.14 up,'] up,"
24.1 fullness] fulness
24.30 School] school
26.18 women] woman
29.12 gray] grey
30.4 story] storey
30.8 wide-awake] wide awake
31.23 think] thinks
33.18 unfriendly;] unfriendly,
34.16 He] he
34.26 goddamned] God-damned
34.32 hard] much
36.11 ducks] duck
37.15 had] has
37.20 Slimy] Slimey
41.15 eat.] eat."
42.13 A] a
42.14 got'm] got'm.
43.17 God] Hod
45.30 half-breeds] half breeds
46.3 a while] awhile
47.31 'What [....] there?'] "What [....] there?"

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Mr. MacGregor"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Virginia Quarterly Review*, 11 (Jan.-Oct. 1935), 218-227.

Title Mr. MacGregor] Mister McGregor [the difference in spelling is consistent through both versions]
53.1 WANTS] WANT
55.1 His] his
55.16 Della] Della,
56.15 ever I] I ever
61.32 ¶Pa shifted] ¶Sudden-like pa's head and chest went down and forward. His feet pressed agen the wall. Slow as candy pullen he broke the nigger's holt on the front muscles of his thighs. But that nigger's grip never give. No, sir. What give was two drippen hunks of leg meat. Just the second that holt was broke pa shifted

* * * * *

"Ortiz's Mass"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: as pp. 122-150 of *At the Moon's Inn*. Textual variants are recorded under section A3.

* * * * *

"Alchemy"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Kenyon Review*, 4 (Autumn 1942), 273-327.

104.31-32 Tumbez] Tumez
113.8 guano] guana
132.11 briskly] brickly
134.28 Quechua tongue.] Quechua.
135.3 tool] toll
137.2 mold] mould
139.3 skillful] skilful
143.12 saying] saying,
146.10 *à la gineta*] à la gineta
148.32 Indians] the Indians
150.30 de Soto] De Soto
154.31 mold] mould
155.1 mold] mould
155.6 "You] "You
159.32 He] he
160.2 halberdier] halbardier
161.8 ninepins] nine pins

* * * * * * * * * * *

A Name for Evil

[The textual history of *A Name for Evil* is recorded under section A4 of this bibliography.]

The publisher's records for this title are not available, and it is not possible to determine either the exact date of publication or the size of what is apparently only one printing. The publishers, however, did announce publication for 15 August 1958, at $4.95,[1] and it was published at least during the week of 15 August.[2]

[1] *Publisher's Weekly*, 173 (2 June 1958), n.p.
[2] Listed in "The Weekly Record." *Ibid.*, 174 (18 August 1958), 68.

7. THE HERO WITH THE PRIVATE PARTS — 1966

The | *Hero* | *with* | *the* | *Private Parts* | [ornament] | *Essays by Andrew Lytle* | *Louisiana State University Press/Baton Rouge*

Collation: [1 - 6]^{16} [7]^{18} [8]^{16}

Pagination: [i] series half-title; [ii] series title; [iii] half-title; [iv] blank; [v] title page, as above; [vi] copyright page, as below; [vii] dedication, as below; [viii] blank; ix acknowledgments, 10 lines of text; [x] blank; xi contents; [xii] blank; xiii-xvii foreword by Allen Tate; [xviii] blank; xix-xx preface; [1] - 239 text; [240] blank.

[i]: SOUTHERN LITERARY STUDIES

[ii]: SOUTHERN LITERARY STUDIES | *Edited by* | LOUIS D. RUBIN, JR.

[vi]: Copyright (c) 1966 | Louisiana State University Press | Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 66-23597 | Manufactured in the United States of America by | Kingsport Press, Inc. | Designed by Jules B. McKee

[vii]: *To* CHARLES TRAWICK HARRISON | *Who Cannot know How Dark the Corridor is,* | *because of his own light.*

Binding: Very light rust cloth, stamped in black on spine: *The* | *Hero* | *with* | *the* | *Private* | *Parts* | [Ornament] | *Lytle* | *Louisiana*
Paper 8 1/2" X 5 1/2" X 3/4", unstained, trimmed smooth.

TEXTUAL HISTORY

[In the following tables, page and line numbers refer to the text of the essay as it appears in *Hero*. The *Hero* reading immediately follows, on the left side of the bracket; the readings contained in the texts' original appearances appear to the right of the bracket.]

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"The Image as Guide to Meaning in the Historical Novel"
ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review,* 61 (1953), 408-426.

5.9 reading at once brings us up] reading brings us up at once
6.30 king's] King's
6.39 historian—] historian;
7.6 historical novel] Historical Novel
8.13 Alice, he] Alice
9.28 it to you] it you
9.39 Savior] Saviour
10.5 afteryears] after years
10.27 himself,] himself
10.27 reached,] reached
10.31-32 youth, with which the book began, is therefore diminished] youth, therefore, with which the book began is diminished
11.39 insight] nsight
13.24-26 and treasure of Russia to no purpose, at least to no Russian purpose. When] [In *SR,* this line has been mistakenly transposed, and appears as 418.8; it should appear as bottom line of 417.]
13.33 Internally,] Internally
14.3 more nearly] [A misplaced line of type separates these two words. cf. note for variants in *Hero* 13.24-26]
14.39 too-obvious] too obvious
15.9-10 brought before the reader early in the book because] brought early in the book before the reader because
16.5 world,] world
16.9 Catherine stands for] Catherine for
16.19 dying,] dying
17.1 princess'] princess's
18.19 who prays] prays
18.23 it (the burning). Yes] it" (the burning). "Yes

* * * * * * * * *

"In Defense of a Passionate and Incorruptible Heart"
ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review,* 73 (1965), 593-615.

22.7-8 remotely, but surely,] remotely but surely
22.10 disorder: in] disorder. In
22.29 this] from this
22.31-32 These, rather than the sentence, seem to be the units of] These seem to be the units, rather than the sentence, of
22.35 Marquis'] Marquis's
23.9 Laverdiere] Laverdière
23.32-33 peasants' faces] faces of the peasants
24.12 marquis'] marquis's
24.34 pageantlike] pageant-/like
24.37 foreshows the] foreshows us the
26.21 of...] of..
26.23 well-turned] well-/turned
26.35 loose,] loose
26.38 it was] its use was
28.20 world] owrld
28.21 By] But
28.30 Homais'] Homais's
29.9 grave digger] grave-/digger
29.12 saying] saying,
29.25 particularly,] particularly
30.8 upbringing.] upbringing?
30.31 marquis'] marquis's
30.33 marquis] marquis's
31.33 desperation,] desperation
32.29 heaven] Heaven
34.6-7 At last her patience] Her patience at last
34.38 church] Church
35.15 direct appeal] appeal direct
35.33 they...] they..
35.38 no....] no...
36.1 winter....] winter...
36.5 doubt? You] doubt ?You
36.12 ...."] ..."
36.22 château] *château*
37.2 comes] come
38.10 passionate, devoted,] passionate devoted
39.16 Homais'] Homais's

* * * * * * * * *

"The Hero with the Private Parts"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: as "Impressionism, The Ego, and The First Person." *Daedalus,* 92 (Spring 1963), 281-296.

42.7 comparisons,] comparisons;
44.29 rarely] never
46.7 were] was
48.29-30 self-/contained] self-contained
49.10 *et cetera*] etcetera
50.4 *I*] !
50.25 ending of] ending to
51.5 part; that is;] part, that is
51.25 well,] well
51.27 into] in to
52.29 If follows] It follows
52.36 nor, as norm, any] nor as norm no
53.20 interrelated] inter-/related
55.13 for,] for
55.35 *mea culpa*] mea culpa
56.18 [he and Yvonne]] (he and Yvonne)
57.24 soalce] solace
58.13 end:] end
58.27-28 of the] of my

* * * * * * * * *

" 'The Open Boat': A Pagan Tale" is published in *Hero* for the first time.

* * * * * * * * *

"The Displaced Family"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review,* 66 (1958), 115-131.

77.37 Day] day
79.29 shoes,] shoes.
79.35 itself.] itself
80.30 weekend] week-end
80.39 society] Society
81.32 dialogue,] dialogue
83.8 far-reaching] far-/reaching
84.4 put] puts
85.12 giant] giant of
86.11 are,] are
88.30 theater] theatre
90.2 War] war
90.33 was condoned] was not condoned
90.34 justice] jutsice
91.1 Hendrick] Hendricks
91.3 Hendrick] Hendricks
91.20 money;] money,
91.29 fullness] fulness
92.25 blind:] blind;
93.40 but] bu

* * * * * * * * *

"*A Moveable Feast*: The Going To and Fro"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review,* 73 (1965), 339-343.

96.2 for judgment] of judgment
96.13 artifact] artefact
96.34 Madox] Maddox
97.5 Hemmingway] Hemingway
97.8 one,] one
97.21 [Pound]] (Pound)
98.23 home-tourists] home-/tourists
99.24 First World War] first world war
99.25 appetites] appretites
99.26 love-making] love-/making
99.30 for the betrayal of marriage,] for it,

* * * * * * * * *

"The Son of Man: He Will Prevail"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review,* 63 (1955), 114-137.

104.13 Negro] negro
104.29 kept] keep
105.27 has] as
106.20 animal] criminal
107.6 self-victimage] self-/victimage
107.14-15 all-/perfect] all-perfect
107.35 Negro] negro
108.7 him,] him.
108.23 Negro's] negro's
108.31 jail house] jailhouse
108.37 hierarchically ordered] hierarchically-ordered
109.1 that] the
109.3 Negro—Negro] negro—negro
109.18 book—] book
110.1 [the] (the
110.2 Colonels]] Colonels)
110.21 Major-General] Major General
112.24 Negro] negro
112.39 giving] givng
114.1 opposes] opposet
114.1 sacrifice] sacrifiie
114.4 but] bot
114.18 condition,] condition
115.1 Negro] negro
115.11 Negro] negro
116.6 twentieth century] Twentieth Century]
120.12 homiletics] homilectics
120.13 all] all the
122.27 Negroes] negroes
123.15 represent] represents
123.16 they are] it is
123.24 which] with which
123.36 Negro] negro
124.9 take] takes
124.34 one] the one
126.8 Negro] negro

* * * * * * * * *

"Regeneration for the Man"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review*, 57 (1949), 120-127.

129.7 quasi-revelations] quasi revelations
130.4 apprenticeship] apprentice-/ship
135.24 distaff] distiff
136.14 Lucas'] Lucas's
136.15 Lucas'] Lucas's
136.22 Lucas'] Lucas's

* * * * * * * * *

"*The Town*: Helen's Last Stand"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review*, 65 (Summer 1957), 475-484.

137.4 it. But] it, not solves it which only God can do. But
138.34 church-house] church-/house
141.6 antebellum] ante-bellum
142.10 in particular] is particular
144.22 virgin] vigin
144.37 describe] describes
145.39 Gavin] Gavins
146.23 was] as

* * * * * * * * *

"Caroline Gordon and the Historic Image"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review*, 57 (1949), 560-586.

150.31 forewarned,] fore-/warned
152.19 devoted to] devoted
155.19 fiction,] fiction;
156.6-7 referent. [¶] It] referent. And what would Hélène's adultery and all the other adulteries in that book be without the saturation from center to periphery of the feudal concept of Christian society—Or Erlend, the pagan chief, cast out of time? It
156.38 nineteenth] Nineteenth
156.39 twentieth centuries] Twentieth Centuries
156.39 do,] do
157.12-13 eighteenth century] Eighteenth Century
158.1 eighteenth century]

Eighteenth Century] Eighteenth Century
158.16 come] came
158.37 ascendancy,] ascendancy
160.17 husband] husband's
161.13 nineteenth and twentieth centuries] Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries
161.24 well as] well
161.29 land] the land
162.9 becomes] become
162.19 trusteeship,] trusteeship
162.21 does] did
163.2-3 two-/fold] two-fold
163.4 was] has
163.15 over-simplified] over-/simplified
163.32-33 full-/blown] full-blown
163.38 sybyls] sybils
164.32 Rives'] Rive's
164.34 Rives'] Rive's
165.11 fiction] friction
165.30 her] here
166.6 effort of] effort at
168.6 identity] identity,
170.26 —and I] —nor do I
170.27 past—] past;

* * * * * * * * *

"Note on a Traditional Sensibility"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review,* 56 (1948), 370-373.

172.32 were] were over
173.7-8 nineteenth] Nineteenth
173.8 twentieth centuries] Twentieth Centuries
173.30 freemasonry] free-/masonry
174.14 twenties and the thirties] Twenties and the Thirties

* * * * * * * * *

"Allen Tate: Upon the Occasion of His Sixtieth Birthday"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Sewanee Review,* 67 (1959), 542-544.

177.10 twenties] 'twenties
177.19 manner in which] manner
177.27 The] Coming late to the deadline for this issue I want to say that the

* * * * * * * * *

"The Working Novelist and the Mythmaking Process"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Daedalus,* 88 (Spring 1959), 326-338.

179.7-8 all; through its means, the family was uprooted by] all; the most effective was the automobile, since it uprooted the family by
181.17 if a] if
181.32 Madox] Maddox
183.14-15 self-/awareness] self-awareness
183.23 underlying] under-/lying

* * * * * * * * *

"Foreword to *A Novel, A Novella, and Four Stories*"

The short textual history of this essay is recorded in the table of variants in section A6.

* * * * * * * * *

"John C. Calhoun"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Southern Review,* 3 (Winter 1938), 510-530.

207.26 history] History
208.33 irrefrangible] irrefragible
209.13-14 land-/owners] land-owners
209.17 party] Party

210.25 pro-slavery] Pro-/Slavery
212.13 resolutions] Resolutions
212.37 Between] between
213.12 thirties] 'thirties
214.19 party] Party
217.2 of this] of the
218.30 tariff of abominations] Tariff of Abominations
219.22 nullification] Nullification
219.26 nullification] Nullification
221.7-8 nullification] Nullification
221.28 nullification] Nullification
221.33 party] Party
222.6 party] Party
222.21 secession] Secession
222.34 nullification] Nullification
222.34 secession] Secession
223.16 suppression] the suppression
223.25 separate state actionists] Separate State Actionists
223.25 cooperationists] Coöperationists
223.29 secession] Secession
223.30 state's rights] State's Rights
225.19 only where] where only
225.26 secession] Secession

* * * * * * * * *

"R. E. Lee"

ORIGINAL APPEARANCE: *Southern Review*, 1 (July 1935), 411-422.

228.20 practiced] practised
229.4 maneuver] manoeuvre
231.6 maneuver] manoeuvre
231.14 wilderness] Wilderness
231.22 maneuver] manoeuvre
233.17 absent] absent in North Carolina
234.15 war] War
234.32 phase—] phase...
235.7 war] War
235.17 commander] commanded
236.15 excused] excused,
236.17 [*Hero* text adds footnote after "Longstreet" which *Southern Review* text does not have, as follows: "Recent opinion presents Longstreet in a better light. However, the most recent word is not necessarily the last word."]
237.17 school,] school
238.32 College] college

* * * * * * * * *

Though publication for *The Hero with the Private Parts* was originally announced for September 1966,[1] it was apparently not published until the week of 14 November 1966, at the price of $6.00.[2] According to the publisher, there had been, as of 1 July 1969, only one printing of 2500 copies, of which 1500 had actually been bound for distribution.[3]

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[1] *Publisher's Weekly*, 190 (29 August 1966), 131.
[2] Listed in "The Weekly Record" of *Publisher's Weekly*, 190 (14 November 1966), 135.
[3] Letter, Charles East of LSU Press to Noel Polk, 1 July 1969.

B
PERIODICAL CONTRIBUTIONS INTRODUCTIONS SPEECHES

1. Stories

"Old Scratch in the Valley." *Virginia Quarterly Review,* 8 (April 1932), 237 - 46.

"Mister McGregor." *Virginia Quarterly Review,* 11 (January-October 1935), 218-227. Reprinted as one of the stories in *NN4S.* Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A6.

"Jericho, Jericho, Jericho." *Southern Review,* 1 (1936), 753 - 64. Reprinted as one of the stories in *NN4S.* Textual variants are recorded in the table under section A6.

"A Fragment: How Nuno de Tovar Came To Cross The Ocean Sea." *Hika,* 5 (June 1939), 5 - 8. The editors of *Hika,* student literary magazine of Kenyon College, asked Mr. Lytle and several other established literary figures—including W. H. Auden, Peter Taylor, and Randall Jarrell, among others—to contribute to this issue. The story represents a fragment of a "work in progress" to pp. 10 of *At the Moon's Inn.* Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A3.

"Alchemy." *Kenyon Review,* 4 (Autumn 1942), 273 - 327. Mr. Lytle has told me that he conceived and wrote this story as a prologue for *At the Moon's Inn,* and then decided against using it as such.[1] Reprinted as the Novella of *NN4S.* Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A6.

"The Guide." *Sewanee Review,* 53 (July 1945), 362 - 87. Reprinted as one of the stories of *NN4S* under the title "The Mahogany Frame." Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A6.

"What Quarter of the Night." *Sewanee Review,* 64 (Summer 1956), 349 - 97. Corresponds basically, with numerous dif-

[1] Interview, January 1970, Monteagle, Tennessee.

ferences, to "The Water Witch" section of *The Velvet Horn.* Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A5.

"Ortiz's Mass." was first published as pp. 122-150 of *At the Moon's Inn,* then reprinted as one of the stories in *NN4S.* Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A3.

2. Memoirs

"A Wake for the Living." *Sewanee Review,* 75 (Autumn 1967), 585 - 627.

"The Garden of Innocence." *Sewanee Review,* 79 (January-March 1971), 70-85.

3. Poetry

"Hill Cattle." In *Driftwood Flames.* Nashville: The Poetry Guild, [1923], p. 22.

"*Une Reflexion.*" In *Driftwood Flames,* p. 45.

"Edward Graves." *The Fugitive,* 4 (March 1925), 17. In the Lytle Papers at Vanderbilt there is preserved a one-page carbon typescript of a twenty-four line version of this poem, an early draft, apparently, which differs considerably from the published version.

4. Essays/Reviews/Speeches

"Andrew Lytle, Le Grand Homme." *Little Tiger,* 4 (Christmas 1920), 5. The *Little Tiger* was a publication of the students of Sewanee Military Academy, Sewanee, Tennessee, from which Mr. Lytle graduated in 1920. This is a letter—as far as I am able to tell, the author's earliest publication—from Mr. Lytle, from abroad, to a Major Gass of the Academy. The return address is given as: 132 Rue Paissy, St. Germain-En-Lage, France. The title under which it is recorded here is a headline, not Mr. Lytle's title.

"The Hind Tit." in *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition* by "Twelve Southerners." New York: Harper & Brothers, 1930, pp. 201 - 245. The typescript setting copy with editorial markings is on deposit at the Joint University Libraries, Nashville, Tennessee, along with the setting copy for the other essays in *I'll Take My Stand.* Some differences from published version. In the Lytle Papers, there is a carbon typescript (15 pp.) of the setting copy, representing approximately half of the complete text.

"Life in the Cotton Belt." *New Republic*, 67 (3 June 1931), 77-78. Review of *The Forge* by T. S. Stribling.

"Lytle, Huntsville Author, Advocates Forrest Statue." Interview with Mr. Lytle. Huntsville, Alabama, *Times*, 22 July 1931, p. 4.

"The Lincoln Myth." *Virginia Quarterly Review*, 7 (October 1931), 620 - 26. Review of *Lincoln, The Man* by Edgar Lee Masters, *Lincoln the Politician* by Don C. Seitz, *New Letters and Papers of Lincoln* by Paul M. Angle, and *Europe and the American Civil War* by Donaldson Jordan and Edward Pratt.

"Principles of Secession." *Hound and Horn*, 5 (July-September 1932), 687-93. Review of *Robert Barnwell Rhett, Father of Secession* by Laura White, and *Edmund Ruffin, Southerner* by Avery Craven.

"A Tactical Blunder." *Virginia Quarterly Review*, 9 (April 1933), 300-03. Review of *Sherman: Fighting Prophet* by Lloyd Lewis.

"The Backwoods Progression," *American Review*, 1 (September 1933), 409-34.

"John Taylor and the Political Economy of Agriculture," *American Review*, 3 (September 1934), 432-47; 3 (October 1934), 630-43; 4 (November 1934), 84-99.

"The Passion of Alex Maury." *New Republic*, 81 (2 January 1935), 227-28. Review of *Alex Maury, Sportsman* by Caroline Gordon.

"Follow the Furies." *Southern Review*, 1 (July 1935), 203-05. Review of *Follow the Furies* by Eleanor Carroll Chilton.

"R. E. Lee." *Southern Review*, 1 (July 1935), 411-22. Review of *R. E. Lee* by D. S. Freeman. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"The Approach of the Southern Writer to His Material." *The Atlanta Constitution* (Book Section). 29 November 1936, p. 14. Carbon typescript (4 pp.) at Lilly Library.

"The Small Farm Secures the State." in *Who Owns America?*, edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1936, pp. 237-50.

"John C. Calhoun." *Southern Review*, 3 (Winter 1938), 510-30. Review of *The Cast Iron Man, John C. Calhoun and Ameri-*

can Democracy by Arthur Styron. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"Lee's Lieutenants." *Sewanee Review*, 51 (Winter 1943), 177-79. Review of *Lee's Lieutenants* by D. S. Freeman.

"At Heaven's Gate." *Sewanee Review*, 51 (Autumn 1943), 599-602. Review of *At Heaven's Gate* by Robert Penn Warren.

"Note on a Traditional Sensibility." *Sewanee Review*, 56 (Summer 1948), 370-73. Tribute to John Crowe Ransom. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"Regeneration for the Man." *Sewanee Review*, 57 (Winter 1949), 120-27. Essay-review of *Intruder in the Dust* by William Faulkner. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"Caroline Gordon and the Historic Image." *Sewanee Review*, 57 (Autumn 1949), 560-86. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"The Agrarians Today: A Symposium." *Shenandoah*, 3 (Summer, 1952), 14-33. Mr. Lytle contributed pp. 30-32.

"How Many Miles to Babylon?" *Hopkins Review*, 6 (Spring-Summer 1953), 101-04.

"The Image as Guide to Meaning in the Historical Novel." *Sewanee Review*, 61 (Summer 1953), 408-26. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"The Old Country Store." *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, 18 (December 1954), 246-47. Review of *The Old Country Store* by Gerald Carson.

"The Son of Man: He Will Prevail." *Sewanee Review*, 63 (Winter 1955), 114-37. Essay-review of *A Fable* by William Faulkner. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"A Summing Up." *Shenandoah*, 6 (Summer 1955), 28-36.

"The Forest of the South." *Critique*, 1 (Winter 1956), 3-9. Discussion of *The Forest of the South*, a collection of stories by Caroline Gordon.

"A Hero and the Doctrinaires of Defeat." *Georgia Review*, 10 (Winter 1956), 453-467.

"*The Town*: Helen's Last Stand." *Sewanee Review*, 65 (Summer

1957), 475-84. Essay-review of *The Town* by William Faulkner. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"The Quality of the South." *National Review*, 5 (8 March 1958), 236-37. Review of *The Lasting South*, edited by James Kilpatrick and Louis Rubin, Jr.

"The Working Novelist and the Mythmaking Process." *Daedalus*, 88 (Spring 1959), 326-338. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"Foreword," *A Novel, a Novella and Four Stories*. New York: McDowell, Obolensky, 1958. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A6.

"Introduction" to the McDowell, Obolensky Issue of *Bedford Forrest* (New York, 1958), pp. xi-xvii.

"Man or Symbol?" *National Review*, 6 (6 December 1958), 375. Review of Brainard Cheney's *This Is Adam* and Richard Wright's *The Long Dream*.

"The Displaced Family." *Sewanee Review*, 66 (Winter 1958), 115-31. Essay-review of *Sojourn of a Stranger* by Walter Sullivan, *The Homecoming Game* by Howard Nemerov, and *Tennessee Day in St. Louis* by Peter Taylor. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

Fugitives' Reunion: Conversations at Vanderbilt May 3-5, 1956. Edited by Rob Roy Purdy. Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, [1959]. Mr. Lytle contributed numerous times to the discussions.

"Allen Tate: Upon the Occasion of his Sixtieth Birthday." *Sewanee Review*, 67 (October-December 1959), 542-44. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"Agee's Letters to Father Flye." *Sewanee Review*, 71 (Winter 1963), 164-65. Review of *Letters of James Agee to Father Flye*.

"Impressionism, The Ego, and The First Person." *Daedalus*, 92 (Spring 1963), 281-296. Reprinted in *Hero* under the title "The Hero with the Private Parts." Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"A Christian University and the Word. An Address for Founder's

Day [October 10] 1964." Speech given at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. [8] pp. Printed wrappers. Distributed by the Development Office of the University of the South.

"*A Moveable Feast*: The Going To and Fro." *Sewanee Review*, 73 (Spring 1965), 339-343. Review of Hemingway's posthumous book. Reprinted in *Hero*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

"In Defense of a Passionate and Incorruptible Heart." *Sewanee Review*, 73 (Autumn 1965), 593-615. An Examination of *Madame Bovary*. Reprinted in *HERO*. Textual variants are recorded in the table in section A7.

" 'The Open Boat': A Pagan Tale." is first printed in *The Hero with the Private Parts*.

"A Reading of Joyce's 'The Dead'." *Sewanee Review*, 77 (Spring 1969), 193-216.

"Foreword" to *The South: Old and New Frontiers; Selected Essays of Frank Lawrence Owsley*, edited by Harriet Chappell Owsley. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1969, pp. ix-xiv.

C
UNPUBLISHED

There are three major repositories of Andrew Lytle Manuscript material. His correspondence with Bobbs-Merrill is on deposit in that publisher's archive in the Lilly Library, Indiana University, and the typescripts of three novels, *The Velvet Horn*, *At the Moon's Inn*, and *A Name for Evil* are in the University of Florida Library.

Mr. Lytle's personal archive, however, and by far the largest of the three, is on deposit at the Joint University Libraries, Nashville, Tennessee. This is an unusually rich and important archive, not only for those scholars interested in Mr. Lytle's life and works, but also for all who are interested in the growth and development of Southern Literature in the twentieth century. Included among these papers, for example, are literally hundreds of letters from Mr. Lytle's literary peers—Robert Penn

Warren, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Katherine Anne Porter, and Flannery O'Connor, to name just a few—and from other literary figures with whom he has corresponded in connection with his position as editor of *The Sewanee Review*. There are also numerous typescripts, manuscripts, page and galley proofs of published work (described in this bibliography in the sections devoted to the individual published works), and quite a number of unpublished essays, plays, poems, and stories. It is with these unpublished items that this section deals.

This is not to say that I have been able—or that it is possible—to make this a complete record of unpublished material. Much of it is fragmentary, representing notes, ideas, and false starts. Therefore, this listing concerns itself only with those items which are complete, or which are long enough, even if incomplete, to suggest a sustained effort to produce a literary work.

1. Stories

"The Baffling of Sherlock Holmes." [6] pp., ribbon TS, n.d., text complete. A spoof of the series by A. Conan Doyle.

"The Church With Only One Door." 2 pp., ribbon TS, n.d., text complete. This piece was probably written *circa* 1926 or sometime in the years 1932-36, as the dateline on the title page places Mr. Lytle at "Cornsilk Farm, Guntersville, Ala." [1]

"The Mourning Dove." This is a pencilled title. Typed, and pencilled through, is the title "*The Death of the Turkle Dove,*" and in red, above the pencilled title is "The Turkle Dove." [14] pp., ribbon TS, n.d., text complete. P. 8 repeated, showing revision, and extra 1/2-page inserted between pp. 4 and 5 shows evidence of revision.

2. Plays

"The Gold Dust Family." A Play by Andrew Lytle. Cornsilk Farm, Guntersville, Ala. 3 Acts. [102] pp., ribbon TS, n.d. [1] Text complete in clean copy, though several holograph corrections and changes have been made.

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[1] Mr. Lytle lived at Cornsilk Plantation in 1926, and from 1932 through parts of 1936. Information supplied in a letter to Noel Polk, 5 February 1970.

"The Gold Tooth." A Play in One Act. 20 pp. mimeographed reproduction, as if for production scripts. Apparently 20 pp. is not a complete text. The author and date are not identified anywhere about the actual text, but are supplied on an admission ticket to the "Calumet Players [2] Presentation" of "THE GOLD TOOTH by Andrew Lytle" (plus three other one act plays by other members of the Calumet Club) on "Tuesday evening May 26th 1925."

"The Hind Teat." 20 pp., ribbon TS, n.d. Text apparently complete.

"De Hind Tit." [27] pp., carbon TS, n.d. Two pages are numbered 13, though there is no repetition in the text, which is apparently complete. Slightly different from "The Hind Teat."

"Lazy By Divine Right." 41 pp., mimeograph reproduction, as if for production scripts, n.d. Text incomplete. Cannot identify whether this was written by Mr. Lytle, or whether he merely acted in it. Mr. Lytle cannot remember it. [3]

"The Lost Sheep." by Andrew Nelson Lytle, A Play in One Act. 23 pp., ribbon TS. There is no page numbered 8, but there is no haitus in the text, which is complete. Also another ribbon copy, an earlier version, apparently, which is considerably different from the first. There is no date on the text itself, but a mimeographed advertisement from G. P. Baker, of Yale's 47 Workshop, dated 18 January 1928, announces the production of "The Lost Sheep" (along with 3 other plays by three other members of his class) in the "Auditorium of the Experimental Theatre" from January 24 through January 28.

"New Ground." A Play in Six Scenes by K. L. Alexander. [94] pp. TS, n.d. I could locate only Five of the purported six scenes. A pencilled note on the title page identifies K. L. Alexander as a pseudonym. Mr. Lytle confirms this. [3] In addition, there are 127 pp., TS, representing very rough, early drafts of this play. They are in no discernible order.

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[2] The Calumet Players were associated with the Calumet Club, a Junior-Senior Literary Club at Vanderbilt. Letter, Andrew Lytle to Noel Polk, 30 January 1970.

[3] Letter, Andrew Lytle to Noel Polk, 30 January 1970.

Earlier drafts are represented in 107 leaves, MS, most of which are written on both sides.

"The Walls of Jerico." 20 pp. Ribbon TS, variously numbered, some unnumbered, no discernible continuity to the pages, except in terms of 2-4 page segments. n.d.

3. Poetry

There are many poems in this archive, many of which were obviously written not by Mr. Lytle but by friends and students who had submitted them to him for his comments. Mr. Lytle identified only the following as his.

"The House on the Side of the Hill." 1 p. TS, 24 lines, n.d. Signed: A. Lytle.

4. Essays

"The American University." 5 pp. TS. A Vanderbilt University undergraduate essay, signed, A. N. Lytle, English III, 5/-30/24.

"On the Problem of Farm Tenantry." 6 pp., variously, of both Ribbon and Carbon TS, n.d. Incomplete.

"Principles Make the Plans." 7 pp. TS, n.d. Incomplete.

"Under the Vine and Fig Tree." 4 pp. TS, n.d. Plus one carbon copy.

5. Journal

Journal of European Tour, 1 July 1924-6 September 1924. 43 leaves, both sides of some, TS and MS.

D
SECONDARY

In the following checklist, I have tried to include all full-length essays dealing with Mr. Lytle's works, and a representative sampling of newspaper and periodical reviews, especially those which appear in the major literary review organs, or which are written by prominent literary figures. I have also included a selective list of items in which Mr. Lytle's work is mentioned and analyzed briefly, or is discussed in the context of another writer or group of writers or literary movement.

Amacher, A. W. "Myths and Consequences: Calhoun and Some Nashville Agrarians." *South Atlantic Quarterly,* 59 (Spring 1960), 251-64.

Anonymous. Review of *The Hero with the Private Parts. Virginia Quarterly Review,* 43 (Winter 1967), xxii.

————. "The Cropleigh Saga." *Time,* 70 (26 August 1957), 88. Reviews *The Velvet Horn.*

————. Review of *At the Moon's Inn. New Yorker,* 17 (22 November 1941), 94.

Barry, Iris. "A Selection of the Season's New Fiction." *Books.* (10 August 1947), 6. Reviews *A Name for Evil.*

Basso, Hamilton. "Orestes in Alabama." *New Republic,* 88 (30 September 1936), 231. Reviews *The Long Night.*

Benson, Carl. "Comments." In *The Deep South in Transformation,* ed. Robert Highsaw. University, Alabama: University of Alabama Press: 1964. pp. 161-166. Brief comments on *The Velvet Horn* pp. 163-64.

Bowen, R. O. "Sons of the Soil." *Saturday Review,* 40 (17 August 1957), 13-14. Reviews *The Velvet Horn.*

Bradbury, John M. *The Fugitives: A Critical Account.* Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1958. See index for numerous references to Lytle.

Bradford, M. E. "The Fiction of Andrew Lytle." This issue of *Mississippi Quarterly.*

————. "Toward a Dark Shape: Lytle's 'Alchemy' and the Conquest of the New World." This issue of *Mississippi Quarterly.*

————. "A Gathering of Friends." *Religion and Society,* 2 (June 1969), 35-39. Pp. 37-39 review *Hero.*

Brooks, Cleanth. "The Old Order: *The Unvanquished* as an Account of the Disintegration of Society." In his *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country.* New Haven: Yale University Press, 1963, pp. 93, 382-83. A brief discussion of Lytle's essay-review "The Son of Man: He will Prevail."

Brown, Ashley. "Andrew Nelson Lytle." In *A Bibliographical Guide to the Study of Southern Literature,* Louis D. Rubin, Jr., ed. Baton Rouge: LSU Press, 1969, p. 243.

Carter, Thomas H. "Andrew Lytle." In *South: Modern Southern Literature in its Cultural Setting.* Louis D. Rubin and Rob-

ert D. Jacobs, eds. Garden City: Doubleday, 1961, pp. 287-300.

Clark, Charles C. "*A Name for Evil*: A Search for Order." This issue of *Mississippi Quarterly.*

Core, George. "A Mirror for Fiction: The Criticism of Andrew Lytle." *Georgia Review,* 22 (Summer 1968), 208-221. Essay-review of *The Hero with the Private Parts.*

Couch, W. T. "The Agrarian Romance." *South Atlantic Quarterly,* 36 (October 1937), 419-30. Pertinent to Lytle are pp. 427-28.

Craven, Avery. Review of *Bedford Forrest. Books,* 28 June 1931, p. 7.

Davidson, Donald. "*I'll Take My Stand*: A History." *American Review,* 5 (Summer 1935), 301-321. Pertinent to Lytle are pp. 307, 312, 315.

Davis, Elmer. "A Striking First Novel." *Saturday Review of Literature,* 14 (12 September 1936), 11. Reviews *The Long Night.*

De Bellis, Jack. "The Southern Universe and the Counter-Renascence." *Southern Review,* 4 n.s. (Spring 1968), 471-481.

————. "An Andrew Nelson Lytle Checklist." Secretary's News Sheet, Bibliographical Society of the University of Virginia, No. 46. June, 1960.

————. "Andrew Lytle's *A Name for Evil*: A Transformation of *The Turn of the Screw.*" *Critique,* 8 (Spring 1966), 26-40.

De Voto, Bernard. "Fiction Fights the Civil War." *Saturday Review of Literature,* 17 (18 December 1937), 1-2, 15-16. Pertinent to Lytle is p. 15.

Durham, Frank. "The Southern Literary Tradition: Shadow or Substance?" *South Atlantic Quarterly,* 67 (Summer 1968), 455-468.

Eisinger, Chester. *Fiction of the Forties.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1963. Pp. 193-96 include discussions of *At the Moon's Inn* and *A Name for Evil.*

Farrelly, John. "Ghost Story." *New Republic,* 117 (25 August 1947), 31. Reviews *A Name for Evil.*

Field, L. M. "Conquerors in Florida." *New York Times Book*

Review, 23 November 1941, p. 7. Review of *At the Moon's Inn.*

Geismar, Maxwell. "Mostly About the South." *Saturday Review*, 41 (30 August 1958), 12. Review of *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories.*

Ghiselin, Brewster. "Trial of Light." *Sewanee Review*, 65 (Autumn 1957), 657-665. Reviews *The Velvet Horn.*

Hendry, Irene. "Fiction Chronicle." *Sewanee Review*, 55 (Autumn 1947), 700-707. Pages 706-07 concern *A Name for Evil.*

Hesseltine, W. B. "Look Away, Dixie." *Sewanee Review*, 39 (January-March 1931), 97-103. Reviews *I'll Take My Stand.* Pp. 100-101 are pertinent to Lytle.

Hoffman, Frederick J. *The Art of Southern Fiction: A Study of Some Modern Novelists.* Carbondale and Edwardsville, Illinois: University of Illinois Press, 1967. Pp. 99-102 discuss *The Long Night* and *The Velvet Horn.*

Holland, Robert B. "The Agrarian Manifesto—A Generation Later." *Mississippi Quarterly*, 10 (Spring 1957), 73-78. Pertinent to Lytle are comments on p. 76.

Hurt, James R. "Lytle's 'Jerico, Jerico, Jerico'." *Explicator*, Vol. 20, Item 52.

Jones, Madison. "A Look at 'Mister McGregor'." This issue of *Mississippi Quarterly.*

Krickel, Edward. "The Whole and the Parts: Initiation in 'The Mahogany Frame'." This issue of *Mississippi Quarterly.*

Landess, Thomas H. "Unity of Action in *The Velvet Horn.*" This issue of *Mississippi Quarterly.*

Landman, Sidney J. "The Walls of Mortality." This issue of *Mississippi Quarterly.* On "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho."

Leisy, Earnest B., ed. *The American Historical Novel.* Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1950. Pp. 224 and 251 contain brief comments on Lytle.

Liddell-Hart, B. H. "Foreword" to London, 1939, issue of *Bedford Forrest.*

Lively, Robert. *Fiction Fights the Civil War: An Unfinished Chapter in the Literary History of the American People.* Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1957. Pp.

184-186 discuss *The Long Night.* See also the index for other scattered references.

Lyell, F. H. "Larger Patterns of Life." *New York Times Book Review,* 31 August 1958, p. 6. Review of *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories.*

Macauley, Robie. "Big Novel." *Kenyon Review,* 19(Autumn 1957), 644-46. Reviews *The Velvet Horn.*

Marsh, F. T. "Mystery and Terror in Mr. Lytle's Novel of the South." *New York Times Book Review,* 6 September 1936, p. 9. Review of *The Long Night.*

Mencken, H. L. "Uprising in the Confederacy." *American Mercury,* 22(March 1931), 379-381. Reviews *I'll Take My Stand.* One sentence (p. 381) about Lytle.

Meneely, A. Howard. "Old Forrest." *Saturday Review of Literature,* 8 (25 July 1931), 4.

Milton, George Fort. "Forrest Against Sheridan." *Virginia Quarterly Review,* 8(January 1932), 127-132.

Moore, Edward M. "The Nineteen-Thirty Agrarians." *Sewanee Review,* 71 (Winter 1963), 133-142. Reviews the 1962 Harper Torchbook publication of *I'll Take My Stand.* Pertinent to Lytle are pp. 134, 140.

Nemerov, Howard. "The Nature of Novels." *Partisan Review,* 24(Fall 1957), 597-607. Pp. 601-02 concern *The Velvet Horn.*

Newby, Idus A. "The Southern Ag[r]arians: A View After Thirty Years." *Agricultural History,* 37(July 1963), 143-55. Scattered references to Lytle which attempt to place him in the context of his Fugitive/Agrarian peers.

Parks, Edd Winfield. "Six Southern Novels." *Virginia Quarterly Review,* 13 (Winter 1937), 154-160. Pertinent to Lytle is p. 157.

Peden, William. "On the Short Story Scene". *Virginia Quarterly Review,* 35(Winter 1959), 153-160. NN4S Review on pp. 153-155.

Phelps, Robert. "Dust for an Adam." *National Review,* 4(24 August 1957), 162-163. Review of *The Velvet Horn.*

Pressly, Thomas J. "Agrarianism: An Autopsy." *Sewanee Review,* 49 (April-June 1941), 145-63. Lytle discussed in several scattered references.

Ransom, John Crowe. "Fiction Harvest." *Southern Review,* 2 (Autumn 1936), 399-418. Pp. 403-05 discuss *The Long Night.*

Rock, Virginia. "Dualisms in Agrarian Thought." *Mississippi Quarterly,* 13 (Spring 1960), 80-89. Lytle referred to pp. 85-87.

————. "The Fugitive-Agrarians in Response to Social Change." *Southern Humanities Review,* 1 (Summer 1967), 170-81. P. 174 pertinent to Lytle.

Rolo, Charles. Review of *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories. Atlantic,* 202 (September 1958), 81-82.

Rosenberger, Coleman. Review of *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories. Books,* 28 September 1958, p. 12.

————. Review of *The Velvet Horn. Books,* 18 August 1957, p. 3.

Rubin, Louis D., Jr. *The Curious Death of the Novel: Essays in American Literature.* Baton Rouge: LSU Press, 1967. See index for numerous scattered references to Lytle.

————. *The Faraway Country: Writers of the Modern South.* Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1963. See index for scattered references to Lytle.

————. "Introduction to the Torchbook Edition," *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition* by Twelve Southerners. New York: Harper, 1962, pp. vi-xviii.

Rugoff, Milton. Review of *At the Moon's Inn. Books,* 30 November 1941, p. 10.

Sullivan, Walter. "Southern Novelists and the Civil War." In *Southern Renascence: The Literature of the Modern South,* Louis D. Rubin, Jr., and Robert D. Jacobs eds. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1953. Pp. 117-19 are concerned with *The Long Night.*

Tate, Allen. "A Prodigal Novel of Pioneer Alabama." *Books,* 6 September 1936, p. 3. Reviews *The Long Night.*

————. "Foreword" to *The Hero With the Private Parts.*

Terry, C. V. Review of *A Name for Evil. New York Times Book Review,* 17 August 1947, p. 17.

Thompson, C. W. "Bedford Forrest, the Confederacy's Greatest General." *New York Times Book Review,* 5 July 1931, p. 3.

Toledano, B. C. "Savannah Writers' Conference—1939." *Georgia*

Review, 22 (Summer 1968), 145-158. Record of a conference to which Lytle contributed.

Trowbridge, Clinton W. "The Word Made Flesh: Andrew Lytle's *The Velvet Horn.*" *Critique,* 10, 2 (1967-68), 53-68.

Ward, C. A. "The Good Myth"; "Myths: Further Vanderbilt Agrarian Views." *University of Kansas City Review,* 25 (Summer, Fall, 1958), 53-6; 272-76. Pp. 55, 56 are pertinent to Lytle.

Warfel, Harry R. "Andrew Lytle." In his *American Novelists of Today.* New York: American Book Company, 1951, p. 273. Mr. Warfel quotes from what is apparently a letter from Lytle to him.

Warren, Robert Penn. "Andrew Lytle's *The Long Night*: A Rediscovery." *Southern Review,* 7n.s. (Winter 1971), 130-140.

Weatherby, H. L. "The Quality of Richness: Observations on Andrew Lytle's *The Long Night.*" This issue of *Mississippi Quarterly.*

Weston, Robert. "Toward a Total Reading of Fiction: The Essays of Andrew Lytle." This issue of *Mississippi Quarterly.*

Wilson, Edmund. "Books—Miscellaneous Recommendations." *New Yorker,* 23 (20 September 1947), 97. Reviews *A Name for Evil.*

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ERRATA

After the bibliography was set in type it was discovered that this particular font does not have italic characters for ampersands and parentheses. Ampersands in the following places should be italicized: 438.17, 447.33, 447.37, 467.27; and parentheses at 438.18 and 447.33. Also, the title AT THE MOON'S INN at 446.22 should be printed in italic capitals and small capitals. Likewise, the symbol "(c)" which appears at 440.14, 460.14, 468.6, and 471.17 should be the standard copyright symbol, a lower case "c" enclosed in a circle.

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